MARCH
1972
60¢

TALES OF VOODOO

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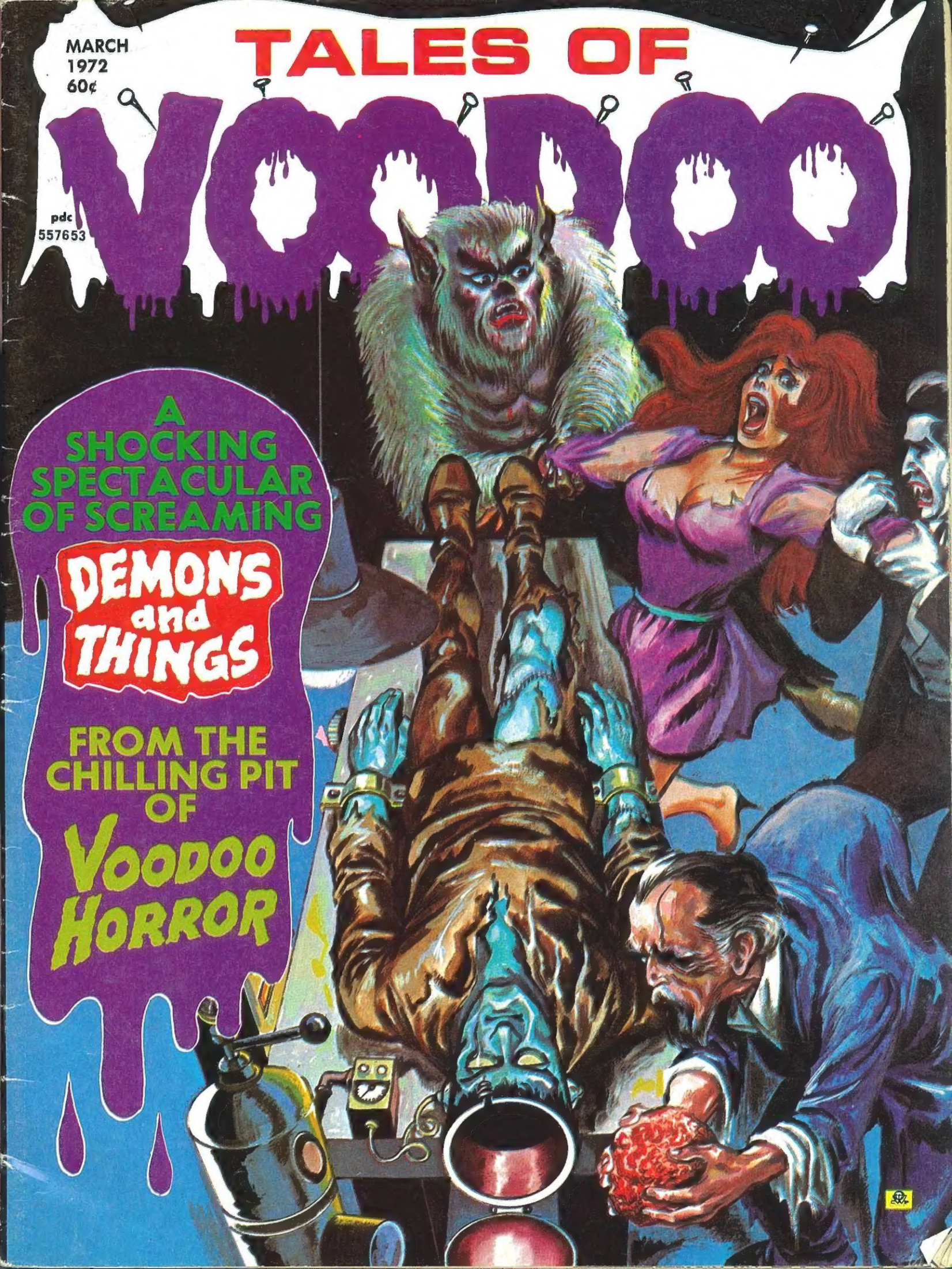

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TALES OF VOODOO

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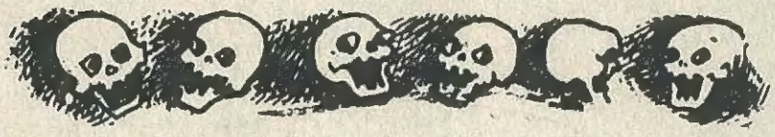

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THE BLOODY HANDS

HE HAD TERRORIZED ALL FRANCE WITH HIS SAVAGE BRUTALITY... KILLING FOR SPORT! NOW... A HUNDRED YEARS LATER, A CURSE SCREAMED ON THE GUILLOTINE WAS REVIVING THE ANCIENT TERROR--TURNING A GRUESOME RELIC OF THE PAST INTO A REINCARNATION OF UNSPEAKABLE EVIL...

SEVERED HANDS OF JEAN THE STRANGLER

MAZZENO

A RICH MERCHANT HAD THE DUBIOUS HONOR OF FIRST MEETING THE STRANGLER IN THE SPRING OF 1872...

AND DRIVE CAREFULLY, OAF! I DON'T WANT MY FINE NEW GOLD LOUIS NICKED AT THE EDGES!

IT WAS TWO MILES DOWN THE ROAD...

HEY, WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, LOUT?

STAY OUT OF THIS AND YOU MAY LIVE!

T-TAKE THE GOLD AND SPARE ME LIKE A GOOD MAN...

I'LL TAKE THE GOLD FOR SURE!

BUT SPARE YOU TO SQUEAL TO THE GENDARMES? I'M NOT STUPID! NOR WOULD I SPARE MYSELF THIS RARE SPORT!
AAAH!
HH
WHAT POWERFUL HANDS I HAVE! I CAN MAKE ALL FRANCE TREMBLE AT MY NAME... IF THEY KNEW MY NAME! BUT WHO SUSPECTS JEAN D'ARST!
IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, JEAN D'ARST SATED HIS BLOODLUST ACROSS FRANCE WITH ABANDON!
LONDON TIMES
QUANTON STRANGLER
NEW YORK HERALD
FRENCH KILLER STRANGLES 27TH

UNEVITABLY THE MAD STRANGLER WAS CAUGHT RED-HANDED BY AN OUTRAGED MOB!
THERE HE IS! DESTROY THE BEAST! KILL HIM!
THE FIEND IS A PRISONER OF THE LAW! STAND BACK!
HIS TRIAL WAS SWIFT... HIS SENTENCE ONE OF THE MOST FRIGHTFUL IN ALL FRENCH COURT HISTORY!
I SENTENCE YOU, JEAN D'ARST, TO THE GUILLOTINE... NOT ONCE... BUT TWICE!
TWICE?
...TWICE?

TWICE...ONCE AGAINST THOSE STRANGLING HANDS-- A SECOND CARESS AGAINST YOUR THROAT!
I'LL KILL YOU! ... I'LL KILL EVERYBODY WITH MY POWERFUL HANDS!
CAME THE DAY...
MURDERER!
MAD BEAST!
YOU SCUM OF PEASANTS! YOU WOULDN'T SCREAM WITH MY STRONG HANDS AT YOUR THROAT!

I CURSE YOU--- CURSE YOU ALL! MY CURSE WILL LIVE ON IN MY HANDS! I'LL DIE, BUT MY HANDS WILL LIVE AND GO ON STRANGLING FOREVER!
HE'S MAD!
The FIRST CHOP BROUGHT A WILD ANIMAL SHRIEK! THE SECOND BROUGHT THE SILENCE OF DEATH!
T-THEY C-CUT OFF HIS HANDS! IT'S HORRIBLE!
IT'S NO MORE THAN THE BEAST DESERVED!
CHOP!

AND WHAT IS YOUR HONOR'S WISH CONCERNING THE HANDS?
BURN THEM...THEN SCATTER THE ASHES TO THE WINDS!
WHO KNOWS HOW DIFFERENT OUR STORY MIGHT HAVE BEEN IF ONE MAN HAD NOT LUSTED FOR A MACABRE MEMENTO!
WHO'D KNOW THE DIFFERENCE? BURN ONLY THE BASKET AND I'LL GIVE YOU 1,000 FRANCS FOR THE HANDS!
AS YOU SAY, MONSIEUR... WHO'D KNOW? THE HANDS ARE YOURS!

MONSIEUR BIDEAU HAD AN ELABORATE CHEST MADE TO HOLD THE HANDS, AND USED THEM TO TORMENT THE WIFE HE HATED!
COME! ADMIRE MY LOVELY RELICS!
YOU BEAST! I HOPE THEY CHOKE YOU!
CHOKE ME? HO-HO-HO! THAT'S RICH! HA! HA!
SLAM
WHA-- HELP!

WHEN THE GENDARMES ARRIVED, THE CHEST HAD VANISHED!
BUT, I TELL YOU, THE HANDS DID IT-- THE STRANGLER'S HANDS!
OR THE HANDS OF A JEALOUS WIFE, MADAME? BUT NO DOUBT! THE COURT WILL BE JUST!

THROUGH THE YEARS, THE HANDS APPEARED AND VANISHED, AND ALL TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF BRUTAL STRANGULATION!

DEATH WAS ALWAYS BY STRANGULATION THOUGH NOT ALWAYS! FIVE OWNERS OF THE CHEST HANGED THEMSELVES!
can't go on any longer

THE HANDS WERE IN NEW YORK IN 1972! A CURIO DEALER TOOK THEM TO RALPH MORAN, A COLLECTOR...
...AND THAT'S THE STORY, MR. MORAN! I KNEW YOU WERE INTERESTED IN THIS KIND OF STUFF!
I AM, SAM! IF THEY'RE GENUINE, I'LL BUY THEM!

SEE! THEY'RE STILL CURVED TO FIT A THROAT! AREN'T THEY BEAUTIES, JANE?
PLEASE, UNCLE RALPH! THEY'RE FRIGHTFUL!
DISGUSTING!

MY NEPHEW RESENTS MY SPENDING MONEY FOR MY OWN AMUSEMENT, SAM!
ER, YEAH, MR. MORAN! THANKS! I'LL GO NOW!

PERSONALLY, I WOULDN'T SLEEP IN THE SAME HOUSE WITH THOSE PAWS!
PLEASE, DON! DON'T START ANOTHER FIGHT WITH UNCLE RALPH TONIGHT!

AFTER ALL UNCLE RALPH TOOK US INTO HIS HOME AND TREATS US LIKE HIS OWN CHILDREN, DON!
I HOPE THOSE HANDS DO CHOKE HIM!

UNCLE RALPH, I'VE GOT TO HAVE SOME MONEY! I NEED IT BADLY!
MORE GAMBLING DEBTS, DON? NO... NO MORE MONEY!

YOU... YOU TIGHTWAD! I HOPE THESE HIDEOUS CLAWS STRANGLE YOU LIKE THE OTHERS!
HA! I DON'T BELIEVE THAT VERY SILLY SUPERSTITION! THE TRUTH IS FAR SIMPLER... MORE EXCITING!

EACH VICTIM HAD ENEMIES WHO SAW AN OPPORTUNITY TO COMMIT MURDER AND BLAME IT ON THESE HANDS!
...YOU'VE JUST GIVEN ME AN IDEA, UNCLE RALPH... AS A MATTER OF FACT, A GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR MURDER!

WITH YOUR FRIEND SAM AND MY SISTER JANE TO VERIFY THE SUPERSTITION... IT'S A NATURAL!
DON... DON'T BE RASH! YOU... YOU KNOW MY WILL NAMES YOU AND JANE AS FULL BENEFICIARIES! DON!

I KNOW THAT! SO WHAT DO I HAVE TO LOSE?
N-NO!
AAA
HHG!

SAM WILL TESTIFY THAT EVERY OWNER OF THE HANDS HAS ENDED UP IN STRANGULATION! AND JANE WILL VERIFY THE SUPERSTITION!

POLICE? COME QUICKLY! THERE'S BEEN A MURDER!

LATER...
... AND WE ALL WARNED HIM ABOUT THOSE AWFUL CURSED HANDS! JANE WAS TERRIFIED!
I HATED THE AWFUL THINGS!
INTERESTING!

IT WOULD BE CONVINCING IF I COULD FIND THOSE DEAD HANDS! WHERE ARE THEY?
TH-THEY'RE GONE! JUST LIKE SAM SAID! THEY'VE VANISHED!

BUT YOU WON'T VANISH, BUD! WE'RE CHARGING YOU WITH THE MURDER OF YOUR UNCLE!
NO! NO! YOU MUST FIND THE HANDS! THEY'RE HERE SOMEWHERE!

YOU WON'T PIN IT ON ME! IT'S A TRICK! THE HANDS DID IT, I TELL YOU!
HOLD IT, MAC! HE WON'T GET AWAY!

THEY WON'T SEND ME TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR! THOSE HANDS WERE THERE! I SAW THEM!

THOSE HANDS WERE THERE! THE BOX... EEEAAH!

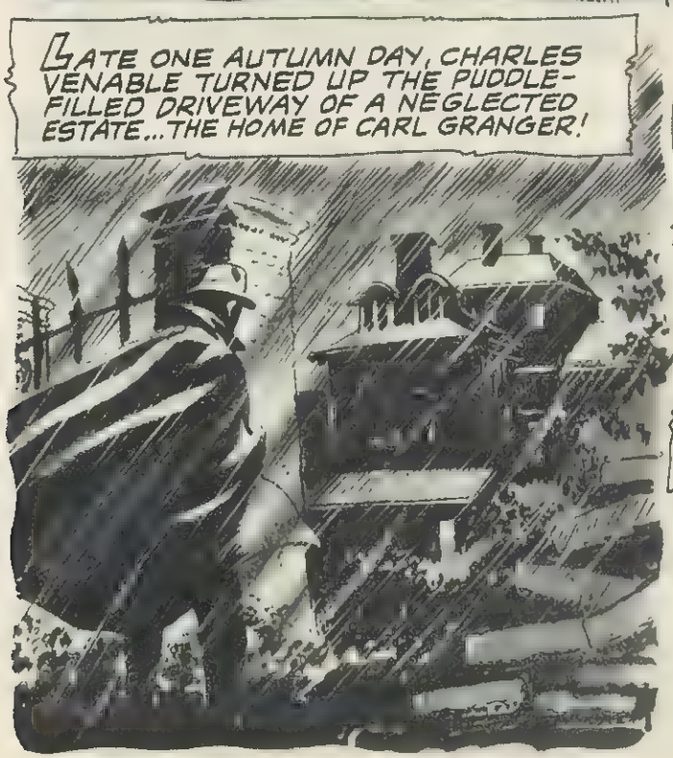
...NO ONE HAS REPORTED A BOX WITH WITHERED ARMS TO THIS DATE... YET NOT TOO LONG AGO IN NEW ENGLAND THERE ARE STILL MANY STRANGULATIONS THAT HAVE NOT BEEN SOLVED! IS IT POSSIBLE THE VICTIMS ENCOUNTERED THE HANDS OF JEAN D'ARST?

The End

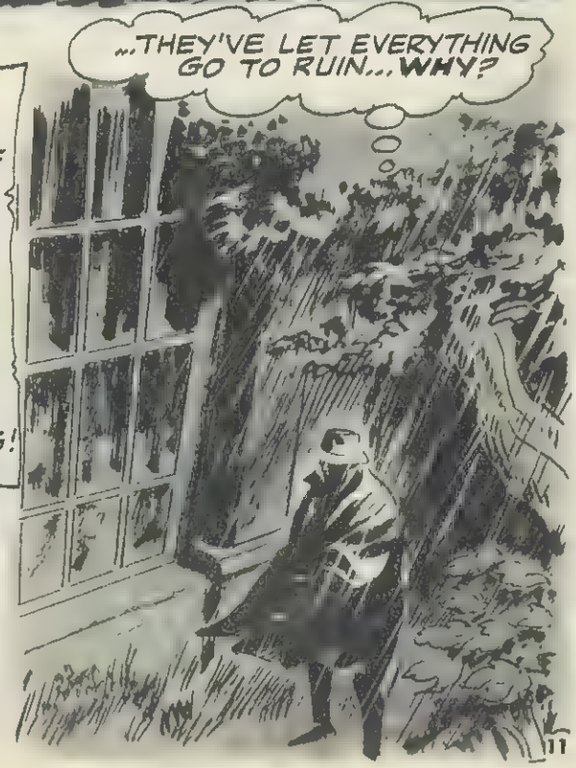
THE DEADLY CORPSE

ANDREW GRANGER WAS ONE WEEK DEAD... BUT NOTHING COULD KEEP HIM LYING IN HIS GRAVE... NOTHING EXCEPT A BOOK THAT CONTAINED THE FEARFUL SECRET OF... **RAISING THE DEAD!**

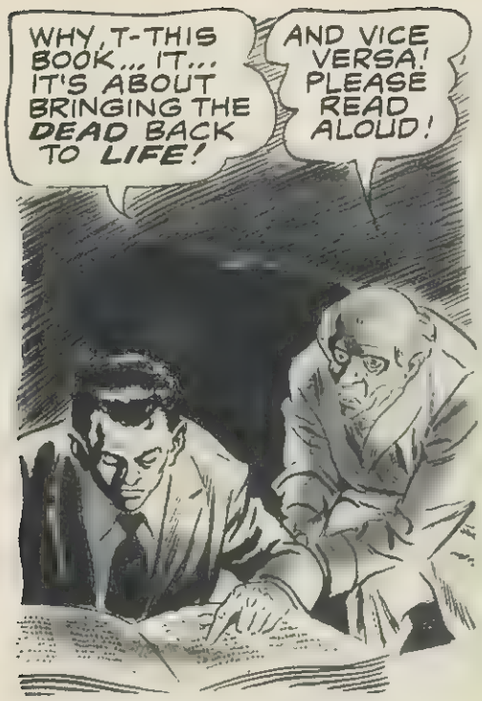
OSCAR FRAGA

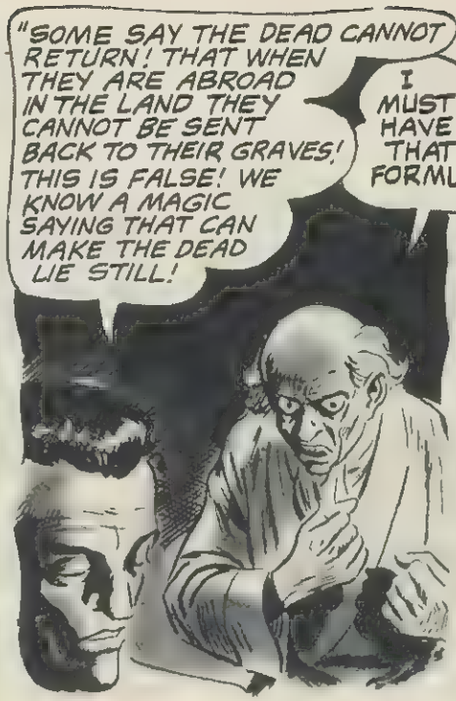


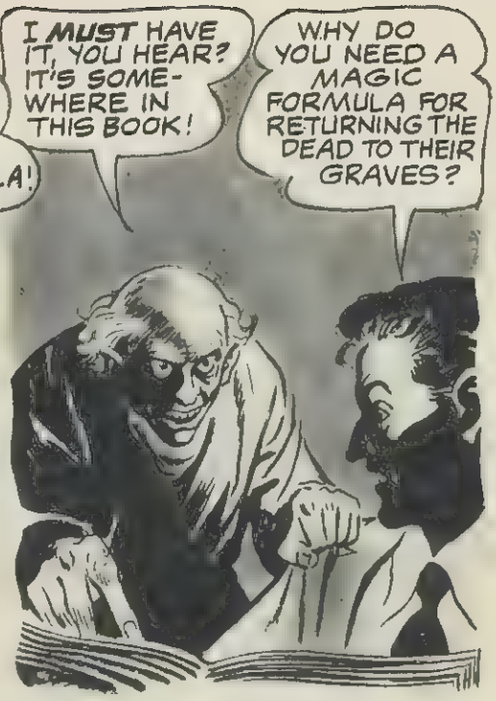
EVERY THING ABOUT THE PLACE LOOKED **DEAD!** THE GROUNDS, THE MANSION, THE STAINED MARBLE TERRACE, EVERYTHING!



CHARLES VENABLE SOON FOUND SOMETHING HERE THAT REVOLTED HIM! SOMETHING ABNORMALLY EVIL...
IT EVEN SMELLS BAD! I OUGHT TO TURN AROUND AND GO BACK!
KNOCK KNOCK
BUT-- CHARLES VENABLE KNOCKED ON THE THICK DOOR AND WAS ADMITTED!
YOU MUST BE MY NEW SECRETARY! COME IN! PLEASE EXCUSE THE WAY THIS PLACE LOOKS!
RATHER NEGLECTED, I'D SAY!
WHAT DOES IT MATTER? THE THINGS OF THE MATERIAL WORLD DO NOT COUNT! LET IT ROT! THIS WAY, PLEASE!
TELL ME, MR. VENABLE, ARE YOU AFRAID OF DEATH? OF THE DYING? OF THE DEAD?
N-NO MORE THAN THE NEXT MAN: BUT WHAT HAS THAT TO DO AS MY JOB AS A SECRETARY?
YOU'LL SEE! YOU MUST BE PREPARED FOR MANY STRANGE THINGS! THIS WAY, PLEASE... TO MY STUDY!
Y-YOUR STUDY? W-WHAT ARE THOSE?
CORPSES! I USE DEAD MEN IN MY RESEARCH! DID THE AGENCY TELL YOU I NEED A MAN WHO CAN READ SANSKRIT?
I MUST HAVE CERTAIN PASSAGES TRANSLATED TO COMPLETE MY STUDIES! HERE... PLEASE TRANSLATE FROM THIS BOOK!

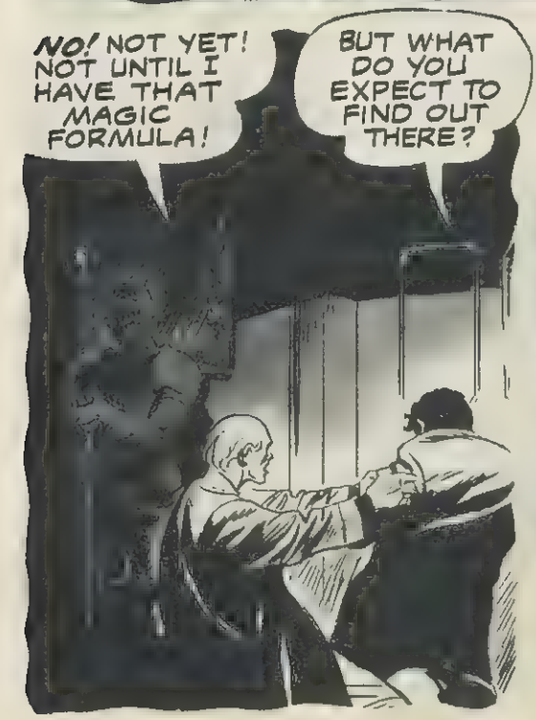

WHY, T-THIS BOOK... IT... IT'S ABOUT BRINGING THE DEAD BACK TO LIFE!
AND VICE VERSA! PLEASE READ ALOUD!


"SOME SAY THE DEAD CANNOT RETURN! THAT WHEN THEY ARE ABROAD IN THE LAND THEY CANNOT BE SENT BACK TO THEIR GRAVES! THIS IS FALSE! WE KNOW A MAGIC SAYING THAT CAN MAKE THE DEAD LIE STILL!
I MUST HAVE THAT FORMULA!

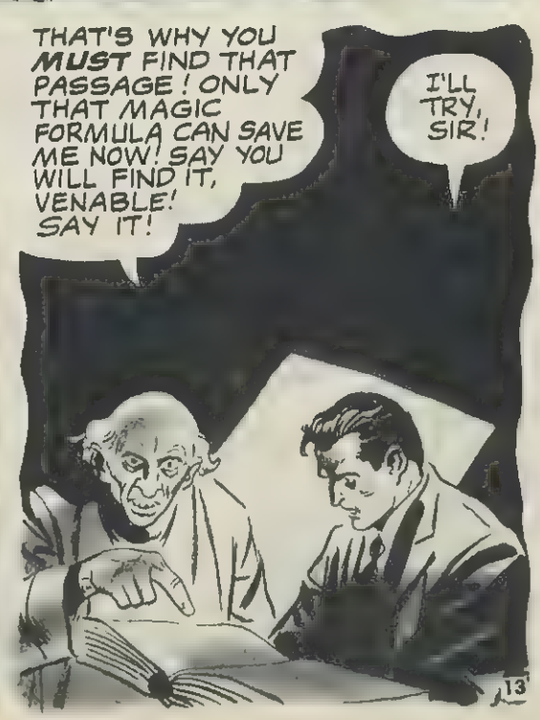

I MUST HAVE IT, YOU HEAR? IT'S SOMEWHERE IN THIS BOOK!
WHY DO YOU NEED A MAGIC FORMULA FOR RETURNING THE DEAD TO THEIR GRAVES?

THERE! YOU HEAR IT? THAT SLITHERING SOUND ALONG THE HALLWAY?
SSSSSSS
YES! WHAT IS IT?

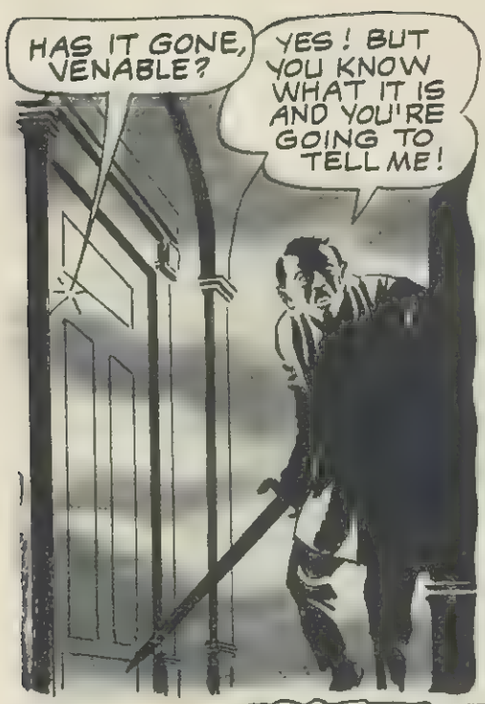
I HEAR IT EVERY NIGHT! I'M AFRAID TO LOOK!
I'LL OPEN THE DOOR AND SEE WHAT IT IS!
SSSSHHH!


NO! NOT YET! NOT UNTIL I HAVE THAT MAGIC FORMULA!
BUT WHAT DO YOU EXPECT TO FIND OUT THERE?

I--I DON'T KNOW! BUT IF YOU FIND THE FORMULA... THEN I CAN OPEN THE DOOR! THEN I CAN DARE FACE WHATEVER IT IS!

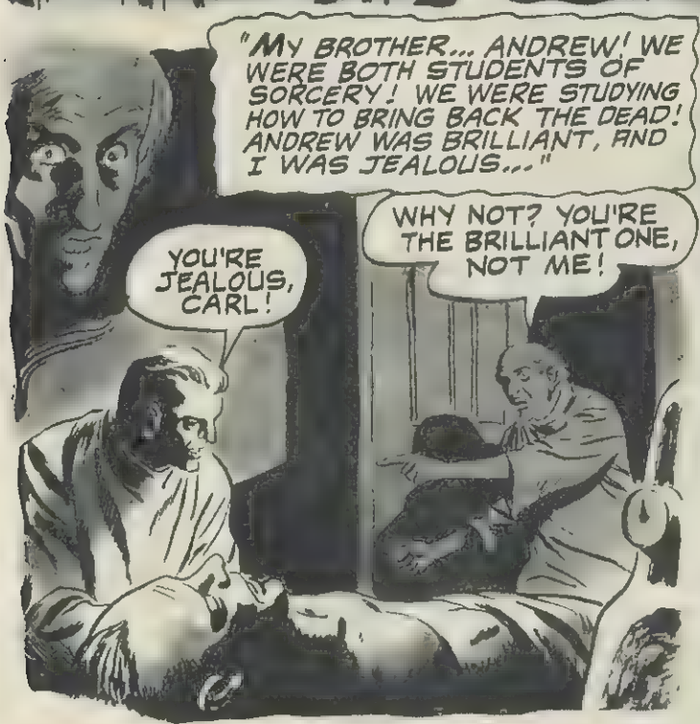

THAT'S WHY YOU MUST FIND THAT PASSAGE! ONLY THAT MAGIC FORMULA CAN SAVE ME NOW! SAY YOU WILL FIND IT, VENABLE! SAY IT!
I'LL TRY, SIR!

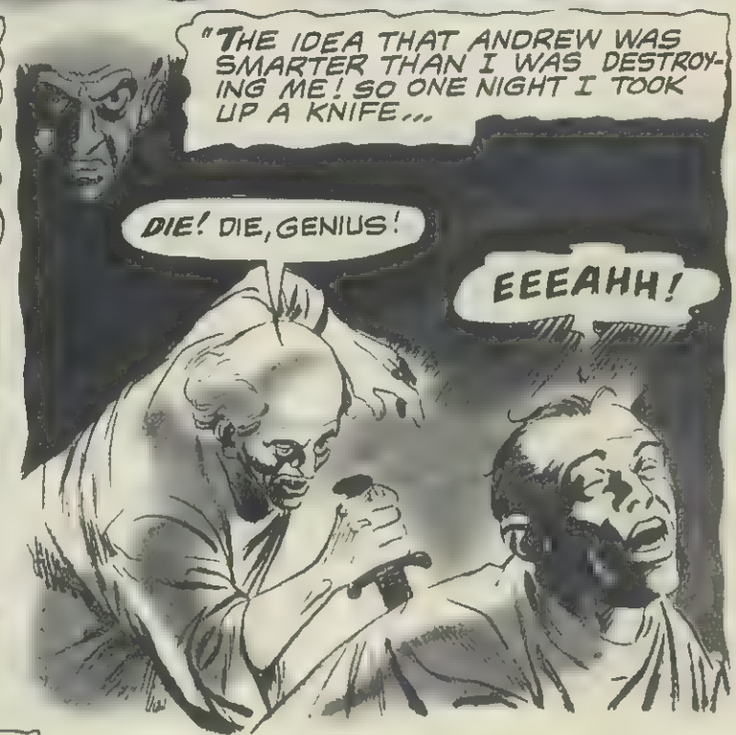
And so, VENABLE TOOK THE JOB! HE BEGAN TO READ DAY AND NIGHT! HE DID NOTHING BUT TRANSLATE! GRANGER REFUSED TO LET HIM REST!
YOU MUST GO ON! YOU MUST FIND THAT MAGIC PHRASE SOMEWHERE IN THE BOOK!
THE PRINT IS SO FINE! THE LANGUAGE IS SO DIFFICULT!
WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE? MY LIFE'S AT STAKE! I... THE SOUND! IT'S BACK AGAIN!
WHY DON'T WE SEE WHAT IT IS? I'M GOING TO HAVE A LOOK!
SSSSHHHHHH!
NO! NO! YOU CAN'T LET IT INTO THE ROOM! YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP TRANSLATING!
BUT HOW CAN I WITH THAT THING CRAWLING AROUND?
NOW IT'S POUNDING ON THE DOOR!
GO AWAY! GO AWAY, I TELL YOU! LEAVE ME ALONE!
THE POUNDING IS LOUDER! STRONGER! VENABLE, PLEASE HELP ME!
BUT THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO EXCEPT WAIT FOR THE POUNDING TO STOP... YET, THE NEXT NIGHT THE POUNDING GREW BOLDER AND WOKE VENABLE... HE GRASPED THE SWORD FROM THE KNIGHT AND RACED INTO THE HALL...
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
GET AWAY FROM HERE! GO... OR I'LL KILL YOU!
YEEIII!
WHAM
WHACK


HAS IT GONE, VENABLE?
YES! BUT YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS AND YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME!

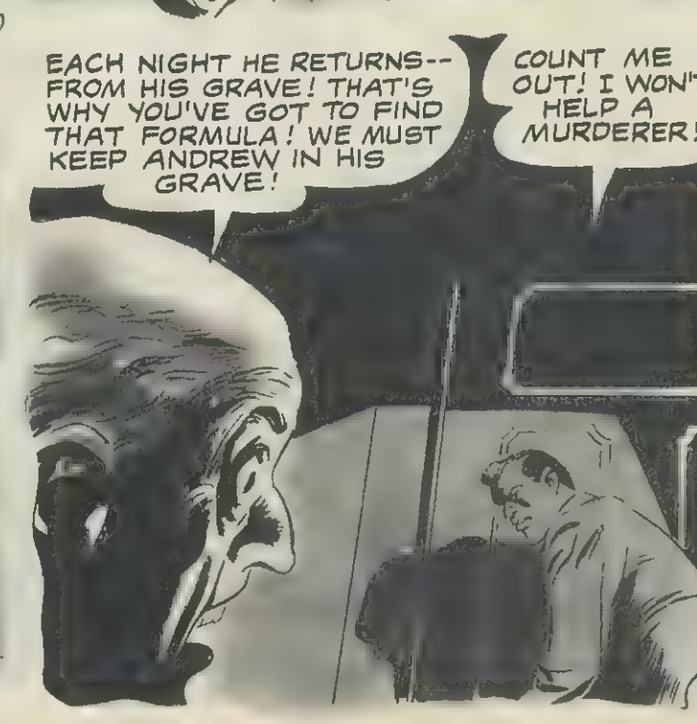
I CAN'T! I MUSTN'T! I-I CAN'T TELL ANYONE!
YOU'LL TALK, GRANGER, OR I WALK OUT OF THIS HOUSE RIGHT NOW!

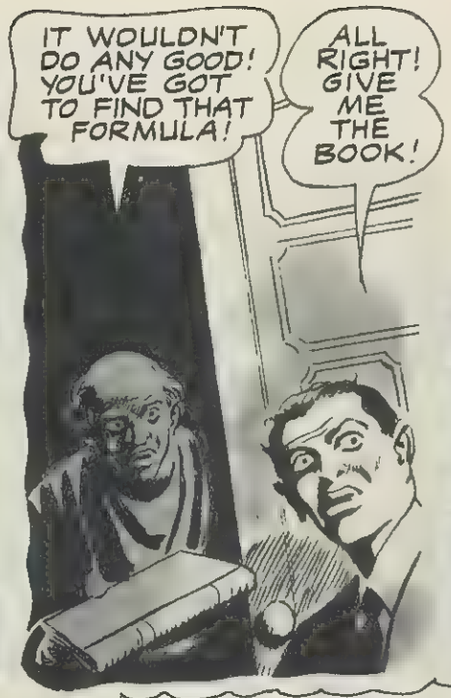
COME INSIDE MY STUDY, VENABLE! EACH TIME HE RETURNS HE GETS STRONGER AND BOLDER!
HE? WHO?

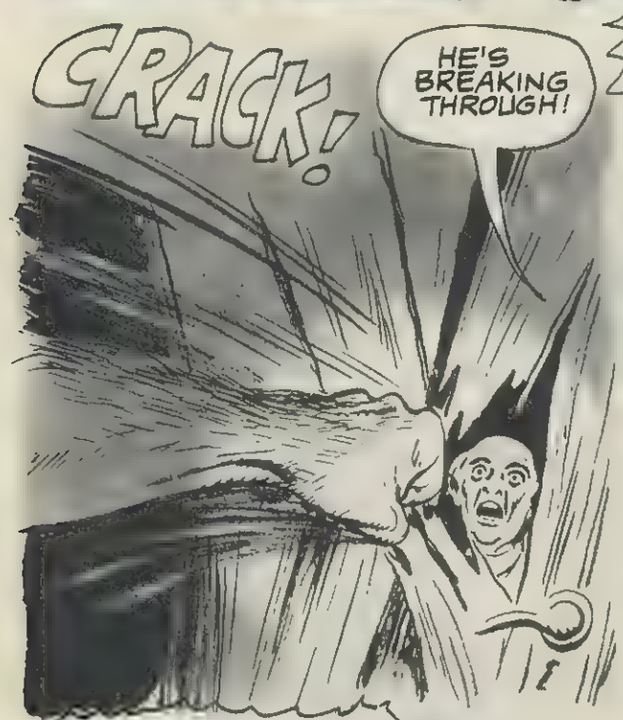

"MY BROTHER... ANDREW! WE WERE BOTH STUDENTS OF SORCERY! WE WERE STUDYING HOW TO BRING BACK THE DEAD! ANDREW WAS BRILLIANT, AND I WAS JEALOUS..."
YOU'RE JEALOUS, CARL!
WHY NOT? YOU'RE THE BRILLIANT ONE, NOT ME!

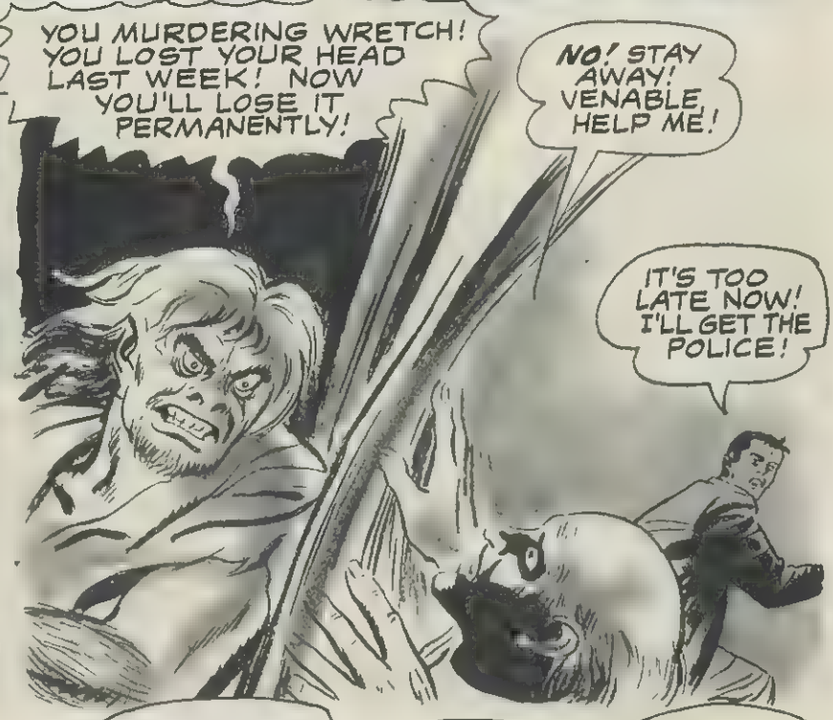

"THE IDEA THAT ANDREW WAS SMARTER THAN I WAS DESTROYING ME! SO ONE NIGHT I TOOK UP A KNIFE...
DIE! DIE, GENIUS!
EEEAHH!

"I STABBED HIM UNTIL I WAS ARM WEARY! THEN I BURIED HIM IN THE GARDEN! NO ONE KNOWS WHERE ANDREW IS...OR WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM EXCEPT ME!"

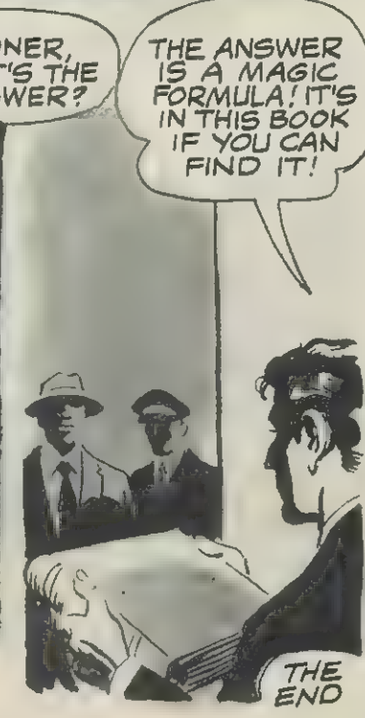

EACH NIGHT HE RETURNS--FROM HIS GRAVE! THAT'S WHY YOU'VE GOT TO FIND THAT FORMULA! WE MUST KEEP ANDREW IN HIS GRAVE!
COUNT ME OUT! I WON'T HELP A MURDERER!





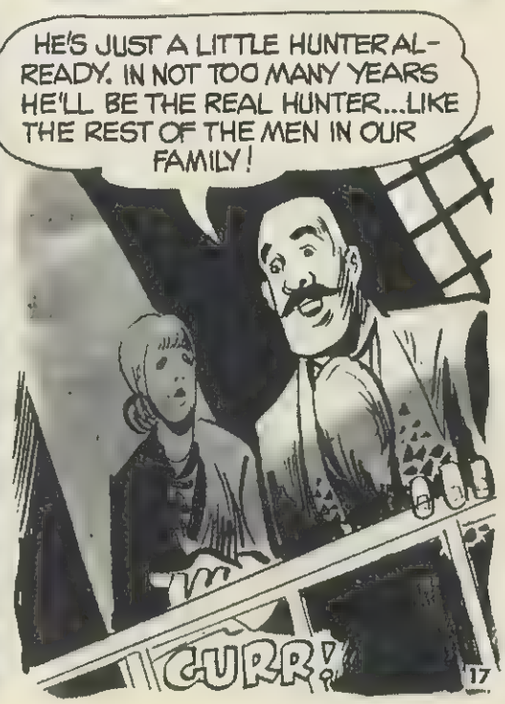


WHEN THE POLICE CAME THEY FOUND ONE BODY DECAPITATED! THE OTHER LAY NEARBY WITH A SURGICAL SAW IN ITS CLAMMY HAND...

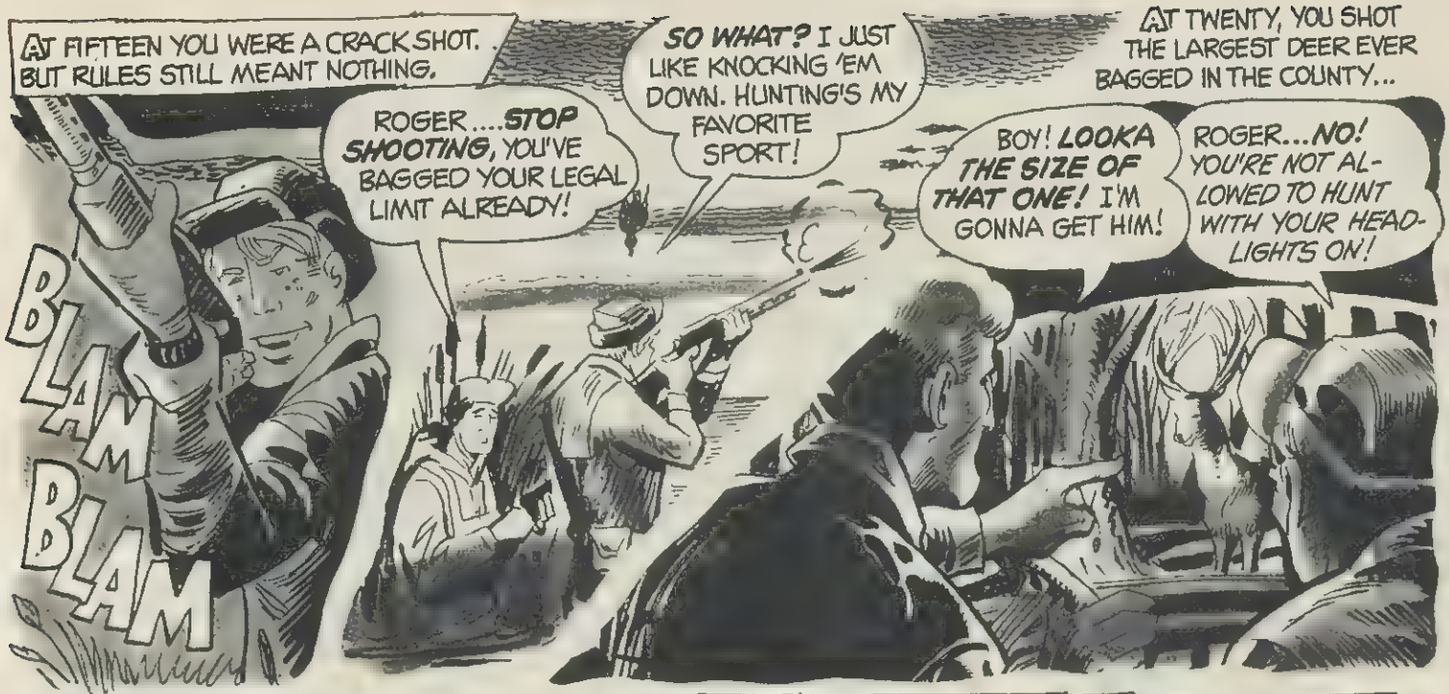


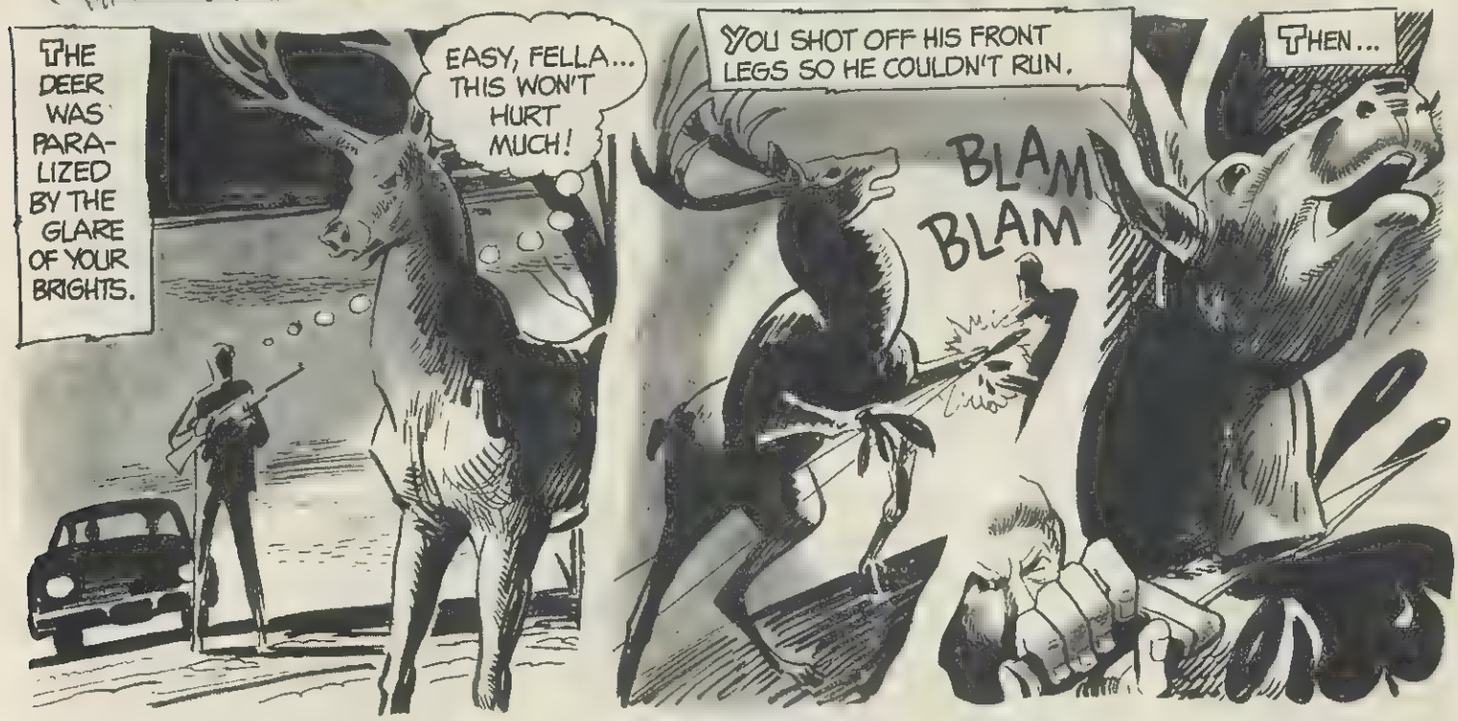
THE WORLD THOUGHT HIM A HERO---THE BRAVEST OF THE BIG-GAME HUNTERS--, BUT, HE ***WASN'T!*** HE WAS ***CRUEL*** AND ***VICIOUS*** UNTIL THAT FATAL MOMENT WHEN HE LEARNED ABOUT THE

NIGHTMARE FOR A HERO



THREE YEARS LATER....
MOMMY... LOOK! I CAUGHT A BUTTERFLY!
YES, SWEETHEART, IT'S A PRETTY YELLOW ONE, ISN'T IT?
ROGER... WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU'RE TEARING ITS WINGS OFF!
NOW IT CAN'T FLY! HA--HA--HA... HOW FUNNY IT LOOKS HA, HA!
ROGER! HOW HORRIBLE! HOW CAN YOU DO SUCH THINGS?
WHEN YOU WERE SIX YOU WERE KILLING BIRDS...
BOY... LOOKA ROGER KNOCK THE PIGEONS DOWN WITH HIS SLING-SHOT!
I'M GOING TO BE A GREAT BIG HUNTER SOME DAY... JUST LIKE MY FATHER AND UNCLES!
A COUPLE OF YEARS LATER, YOU RAN OVER A DOG WITH YOUR BICYCLE....
YIPE
YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO KNOCK HIM DOWN, ROGER!
HIS LEG'S BROKEN. WE CAN FIX THAT WITH A SPLINT.
WHY BOTHER? I HAVE A BETTER WAY!
BLAM
A SHORT TIME LATER....
NO, ROGER... DON'T SHOOT!
THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY? WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?
BLAM
FIRING THAT AUTOMATIC PUT SOMETHING IN YOUR BLOOD...
I TOLD YOU NEVER TO TAKE A GUN WITHOUT MY PERMISSION, DIDN'T I? AND WHAT'S WORSE, KILLING THAT INNOCENT, HELPLESS DOG!
I'M SORRY, DADDY! CAN I GO HUNTING WITH YOU ON SUNDAY? I'M ALMOST NINE!
YES, MAYBE IT WILL TEACH YOU SOMETHING!
SO THE MEN TOOK YOU HUNTING WITH THEM. THE RESULTS? WELL, THE FIRST DAY YOU COULDN'T HIT A THING. SO YOU CAUGHT A RABBIT YOUR WAY....
ONLY ONE BULLET LEFT! I'LL KNOCK THIS RABBIT OUT... PUT THE BULLET IN HIS HEAD... AND TELL THE OTHERS I SHOT HIM AT FIFTY FEET!


AT FIFTEEN YOU WERE A CRACK SHOT. BUT RULES STILL MEANT NOTHING.
ROGER....STOP SHOOTING, YOU'VE BAGGED YOUR LEGAL LIMIT ALREADY!
SO WHAT? I JUST LIKE KNOCKING 'EM DOWN. HUNTING'S MY FAVORITE SPORT!
BLAM BLAM
AT TWENTY, YOU SHOT THE LARGEST DEER EVER BAGGED IN THE COUNTY...
BOY! LOOKA THE SIZE OF THAT ONE! I'M GONNA GET HIM!
ROGER...NO! YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED TO HUNT WITH YOUR HEADLIGHTS ON!


THE DEER WAS PARALIZED BY THE GLARE OF YOUR BRIGHTS.
EASY, FELLA... THIS WON'T HURT MUCH!
YOU SHOT OFF HIS FRONT LEGS SO HE COULDN'T RUN.
BLAM BLAM
THEN...

AT TWENTY-THREE YOU HAD YOUR OWN SIZEABLE COLLECTION. YOU PROUDLY SHOWED IT TO YOUR FIANCEE, MILLIE...
THAT RABBIT WAS MY FIRST KILL! GOT HIM AT FIFTY FEET, THE DEER I KILLED AT ONE HUNDRED FIFTY YARDS. BIGGEST ONE EVER BAGGED IN THIS COUNTY!
I DON'T LIKE HUNTING, ROGER!
ROGER, TRY A DIFFERENT SPORT...LIKE GOLF...OR TENNIS.
OH, NO! I LIKE HUNTING! THAT'S MY FAVORITE SPORT!
AND SO YOU WERE MARRIED, ROGER...
WELL, ROGER FINALLY BAGGED MILLIE! HE CHASED HER LONG ENOUGH! ANOTHER "TROPHY" IN HIS COLLECTION!
YEAH! BUT IF YOU ASK ME, MILLIE'S THE ONE WHO GOT THE BEAST!

MARRIED LIFE DIDN'T CHANGE YOU, ROGER! YOU COULD AFFORD TO LEAVE MILLIE AT HOME WHILE YOU WENT HUNTING ALL OVER THE WORLD. THE YEARS WENT BY AND YOUR HOME BEGAN TO LOOK LIKE A MUSEUM....

CRASH!

ROGER...***PLEASE***.. ..FOR YEARS I'VE BEGGED YOU...STAY HOME! ***STOP HUNTING!***

NONSENSE, MILLIE...THEY'RE DEAD AND HARMLESS! YOU SHOULD BE PROUD OF ME!

TOMORROW, MILLIE, A COMMITTEE OF MUSEUM CURATORS ARE COMING TO LOOK AT MY TROPHIES. YOU'LL HEAR WHAT ***THEY*** SAY ABOUT MY COLLECTION!

THE NEXT DAY...

CRANBY, I WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT IF I DID NOT SEE IT MYSELF! ***MAGNIFICENT!***

THANK YOU, HOLLIGSON!

AN EPIC COLLECTION... ***EPIC!*** YOU WORKED HARD GATHERING SUCH SPECIMENS!

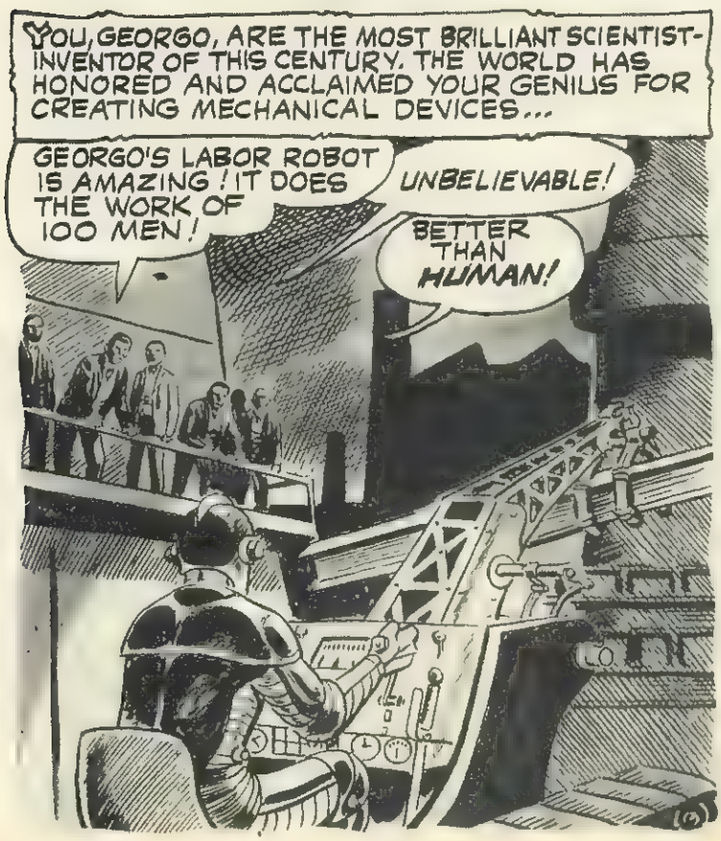
WORK? WELL...I NEVER REGARD HUNTING AS WORK! IT'S MERELY MY ***FAVORITE SPORT!***

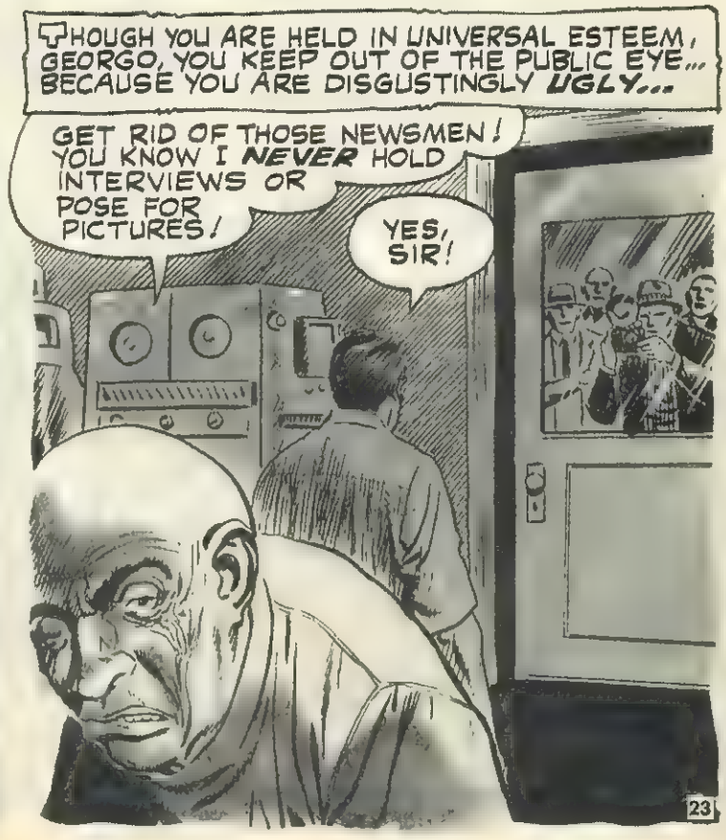
CRANBY, DO YOU KNOW THAT BUT FOR ONE ANIMAL YOU WOULD HAVE EVERY SPECIES KNOWN TO MAN?
I THOUGHT I HAD EVERY SPECIES! WHAT'S MISSING?
THE SURVIVORS OF THE PREHISTORIC BRONTO-SAURUS IN THE DEEPEST JUNGLES OF THE AMAZON!
NOT A SINGLE HUNTER OR EXPLORER WHO'S EVER SOUGHT THIS MONSTER HAS EVER RETURNED!
THIS WAS A CHALLENGE TO YOU, ROGER...AND YOU WERE QUICK TO TAKE IT UP....
I'LL FIND IT! I'LL ORGANIZE AN EXPEDITION AT ONCE!
MILLIE PLEADED WITH YOU, ROGER!
ROGER...NO! YOU PROMISED ME YOU'D RETIRE FROM HUNTING!
I SAID I'D RETIRE WHEN I'D CAPTURED EVERY SPECIES THAT EXISTS!
SO YOU ORGANIZED YOUR EXPEDITION AND A FEW WEEKS LATER SAILED FOR THE JUNGLES OF THE AMAZON....
...YOU DROVE YOUR HUNTING PARTY DEEP INTO THE JUNGLE....
C'MON, KEEP MOVING! WE STILL HAVE AN HOUR OF LIGHT BEFORE WE MAKE CAMP!

THAT NIGHT ALL THE NATIVES STOLE SILENTLY OUT OF CAMP. YOU WERE ALONE..
A RUSTLING IN THE BUSH WOKE YOU, INSTINCTIVELY, YOU GRABBED FOR YOUR RIFLE!
WHAT! WHO'S OUT THERE? WHERE ARE MY MEN?
BUT BEFORE YOU COULD RAISE YOUR RIFLE, SOMETHING SAILED THROUGH THE AIR....
EEEYAAH!
NO! GOOD LORD...IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
THEN THE MONSTERS CARRIED YOU OFF DEEPER INTO THE JUNGLE.
NO...NO...THIS CAN'T BE! I'M THE HUNTER.... NOT YOU!
UP AHEAD YOU SAW OTHER MONSTERS IN A CLEARING IN THE BUSH. THEY WERE PLAYING A FAMILIAR GAME. THEN AN AMAZING THING HAPPENED... YOUR CAPTORS SPOKE...
YES, ROGER CRANBY... WE KNOW! ALL THE OTHER HUNTERS SAID THE SAME THING!
BUT YOU SEE....WE MONSTERS MUST SUSTAIN OUR WAY OF LIFE, TOO...
GOOD SHOT!
HUNTING IS YOUR FAVORITE SPORT...BUT WE ALSO HAVE A FAVORITE SPORT!
WE CALL IT BOWLING!
WEEEEEEE!
STRIKE!
THE END

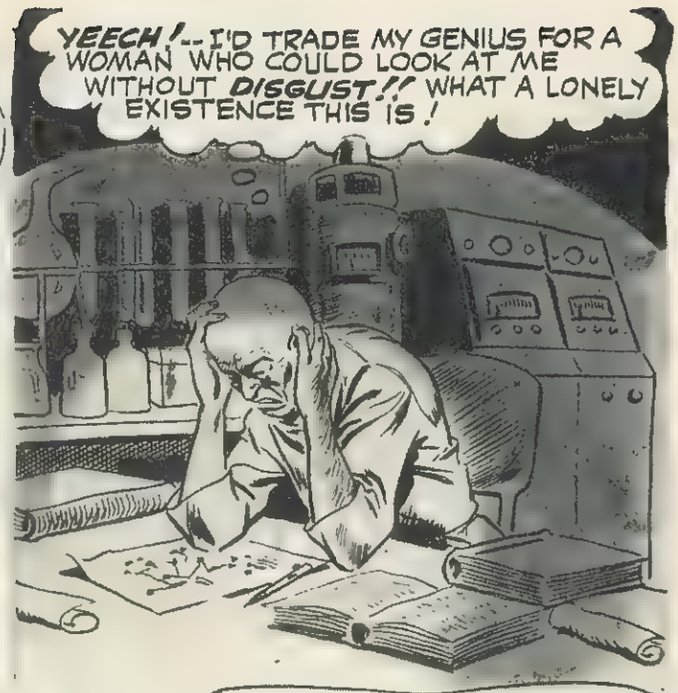
UNTIL "DEATH" DO US PART!

EVEN THOUGH SHE WAS MADE OF METAL, WIRE, PLASTIC AND CLOTH, HER CREATOR CLAIMED SHE WAS THE *PERFECT WOMAN!* --BUT LIKE ANY OTHER WOMAN, ER... PARDON US... WE MEAN ***MACHINE***... SHE HAD HER FAILINGS-- ***DEADLY FAILINGS!!*** READ ON, YOU WONDERFUL ***GHOULS***... FOR A ***SINISTER, EVIL*** TALE OF ***HORROR!!!***

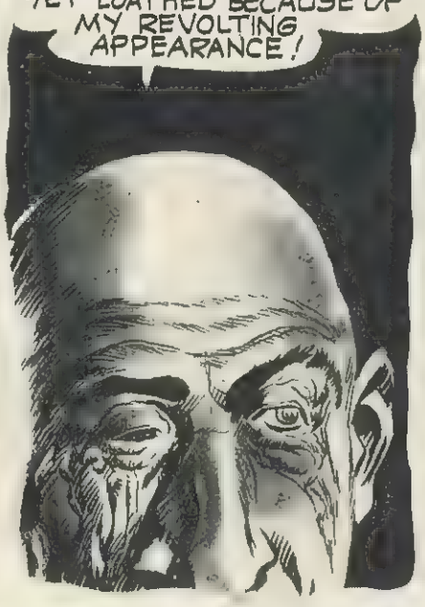


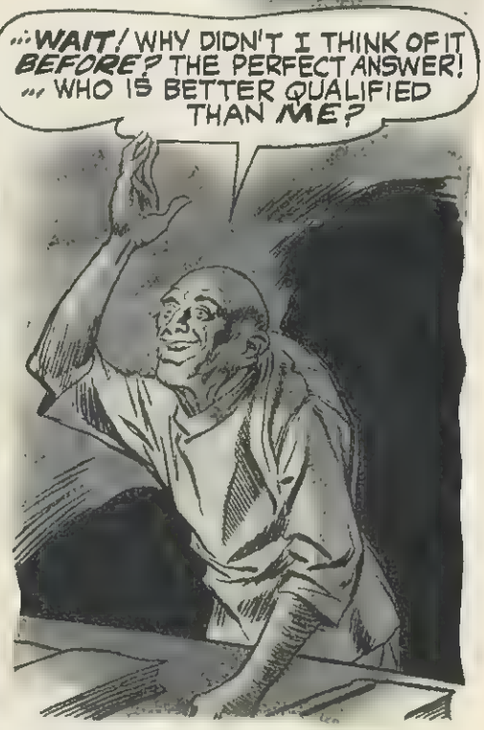


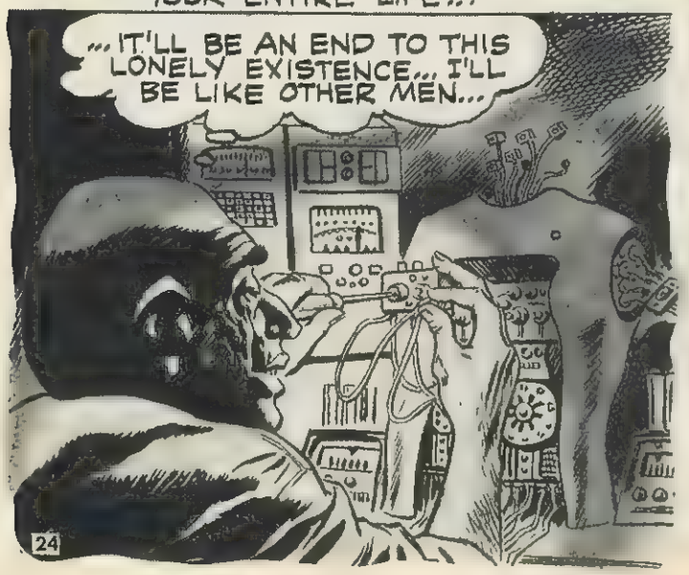
YES... YOU SEE PEOPLE TURN AWAY AT THE SIGHT OF YOUR DISTORTED FACE!
LOOK... THERE GOES GEORGO, THE FAMOUS INVENTOR!
UGH! Y-YOU MEAN THAT THING IS THE WORLD'S MOST BRILLIANT SCIENTIST?


YEECH!-- I'D TRADE MY GENIUS FOR A WOMAN WHO COULD LOOK AT ME WITHOUT DISGUST!! WHAT A LONELY EXISTENCE THIS IS!

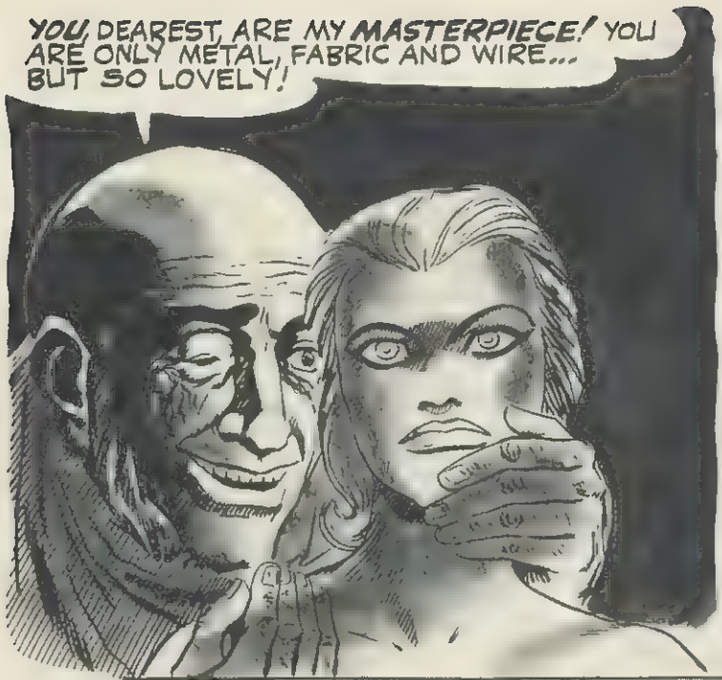
... THERE MUST BE SOMEONE WHO COULD CARE FOR ME... OR AM I DOOMED---?

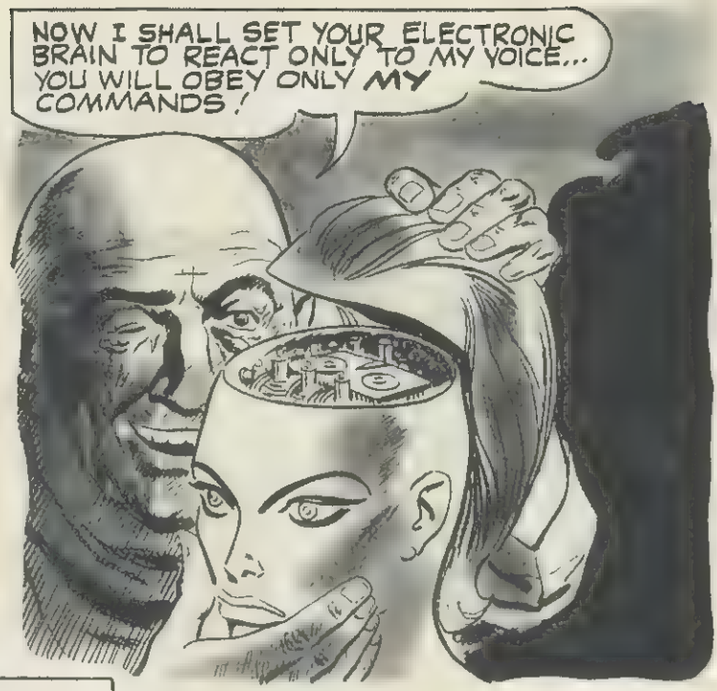

--TO CONTINUE LIKE THIS-- RESPECTED FOR MY BRAIN, YET LOATHED BECAUSE OF MY REVOLTING APPEARANCE!

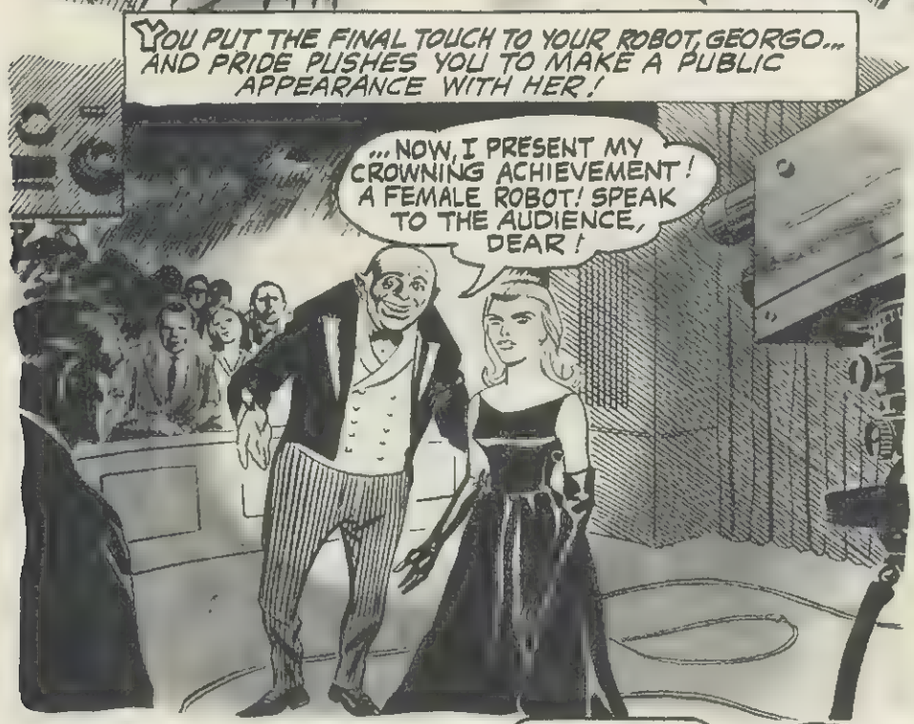

... WAIT! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE? THE PERFECT ANSWER! ... WHO IS BETTER QUALIFIED THAN ME?


YOU, GEORGO, THROW YOURSELF INTO THE TASK, CONCENTRATING YOUR TOTAL ENERGIES TO ONE DESIRED GOAL, THAT WILL CHANGE YOUR ENTIRE LIFE...
... IT'LL BE AN END TO THIS LONELY EXISTENCE... I'LL BE LIKE OTHER MEN...

AND THEN...
I'VE DONE IT! I'VE CREATED A WOMAN OF MY OWN! ... NOW, PERHAPS, I'LL FIND A LITTLE HAPPINESS!


YOU, DEAREST, ARE MY MASTERPIECE! YOU ARE ONLY METAL, FABRIC AND WIRE... BUT SO LOVELY!


NOW I SHALL SET YOUR ELECTRONIC BRAIN TO REACT ONLY TO MY VOICE... YOU WILL OBEY ONLY MY COMMANDS!

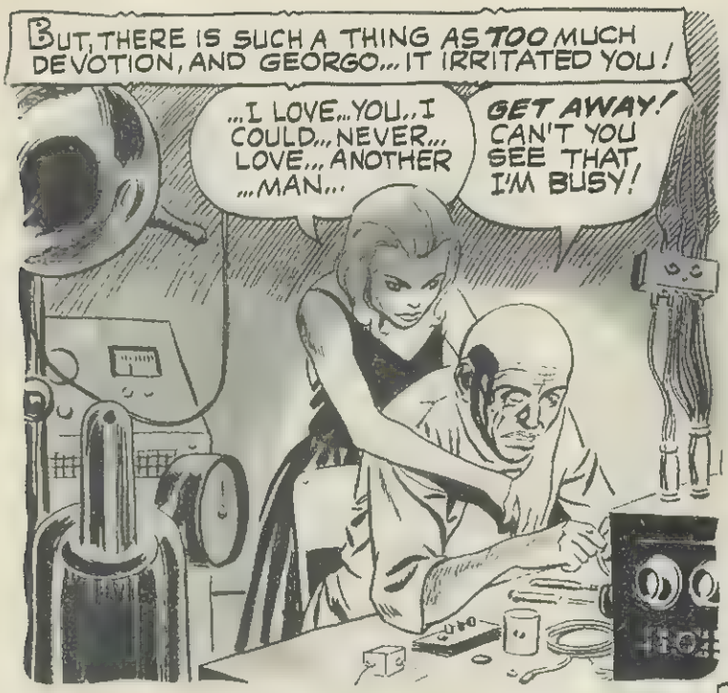

YOU PUT THE FINAL TOUCH TO YOUR ROBOT, GEORGO... AND PRIDE PUSHES YOU TO MAKE A PUBLIC APPEARANCE WITH HER!
...NOW, I PRESENT MY CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT! A FEMALE ROBOT! SPEAK TO THE AUDIENCE, DEAR!

...I...AM...HAPPY...TO...BE...WITH... MY...CREATOR...HE...IS...THE...ONLY ...MAN...I...COULD...EVER...LOVE!

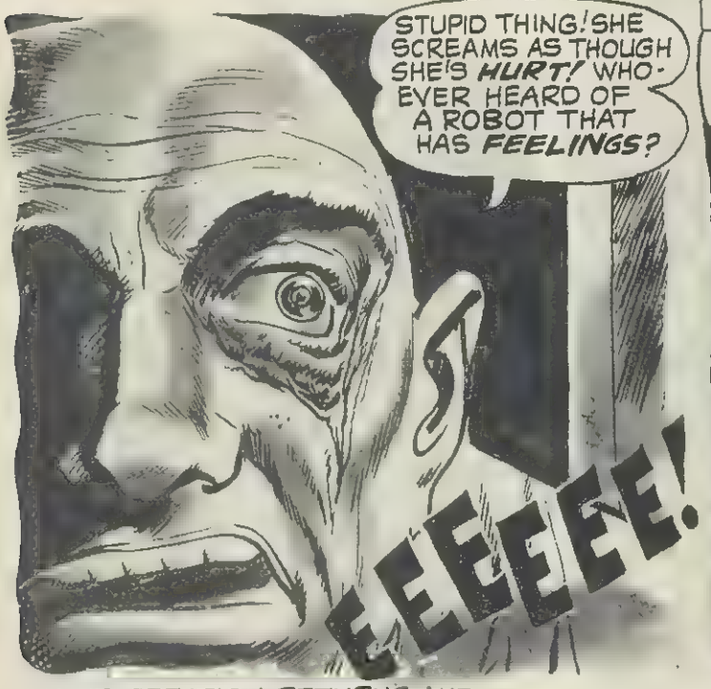
...SEE? HERE IS THE PERFECT WOMAN WHO WILL NEVER FAIL TO OBEY AND WHO WILL NEVER LOVE ANYONE BUT ME! ...LIKE I SAID... SHE'S THE PERFECT WOMAN!!

HE MAY BE A GENIUS!...SHE MAY BE PERFECT! ...BUT THE WHOLE THING GIVES ME THE CREEPS!
GEORGO MUST BE CRACKING UP!

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, GEORGO, YOU ENJOY THE DEVOTION OF YOUR CREATION...
...I...COULD...NEVER ...LOVE...ANY... OTHER...MAN...!
THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE IT-- IT CAN'T BE ANY OTHER WAY!

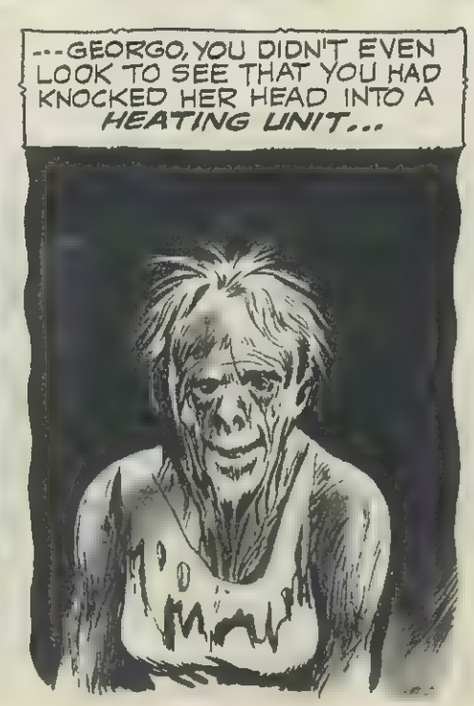

BUT, THERE IS SUCH A THING AS TOO MUCH DEVOTION, AND GEORGO... IT IRRITATED YOU!
...I LOVE...YOU..I COULD... NEVER... LOVE... ANOTHER ...MAN...
GET AWAY! CAN'T YOU SEE THAT I'M BUSY!

...THEN YOU STRIKE!
CRACK!
I'M TIRED OF YOUR MONOTONOUS VOICE! MAYBE THIS WILL JAR YOUR BRAIN INTO SAYING SOMETHING ELSE!


STUPID THING! SHE SCREAMS AS THOUGH SHE'S HURT! WHOEVER HEARD OF A ROBOT THAT HAS FEELINGS?
EEEEEE!

...BUT THEN LATER, GEORGO, YOU NEED HER...
COME BACK TO THE LAB! I NEED YOU... SMOKE ...WHERE CAN IT BE COMING FROM?

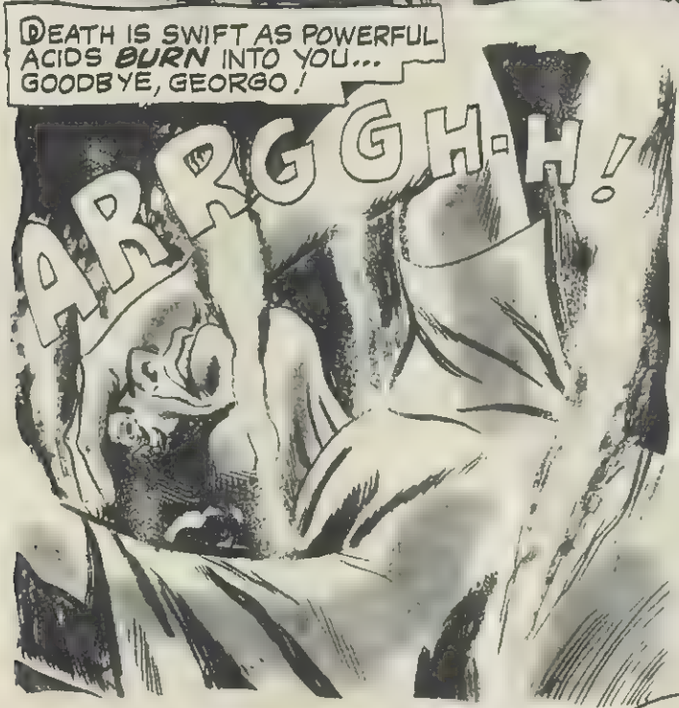
...YOUR CREATION RETURNS AND YOU SHUDDER!
YOUR FACE! WHAT HAPPENED TO IT? WHERE IS MY BEAUTIFUL CREATION?

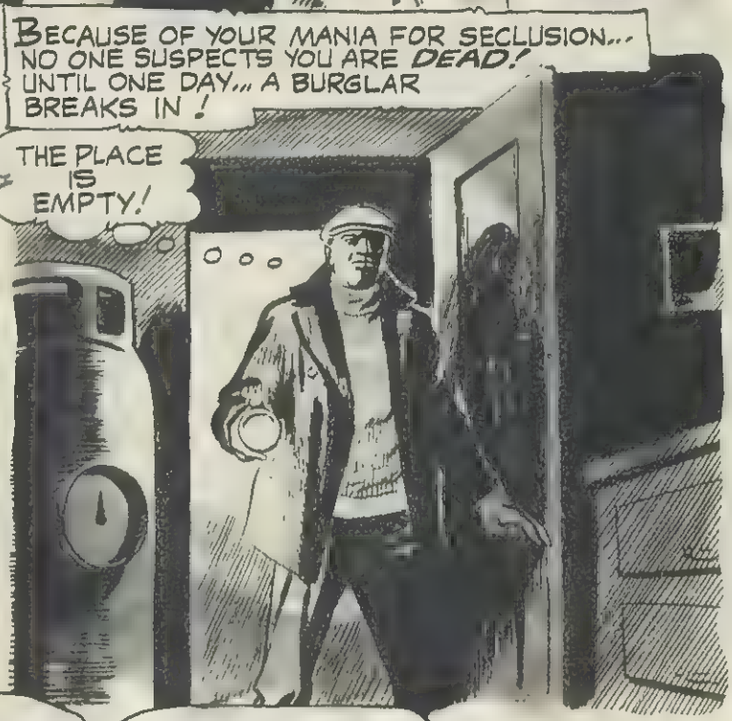

---GEORGO, YOU DIDN'T EVEN LOOK TO SEE THAT YOU HAD KNOCKED HER HEAD INTO A HEATING UNIT...

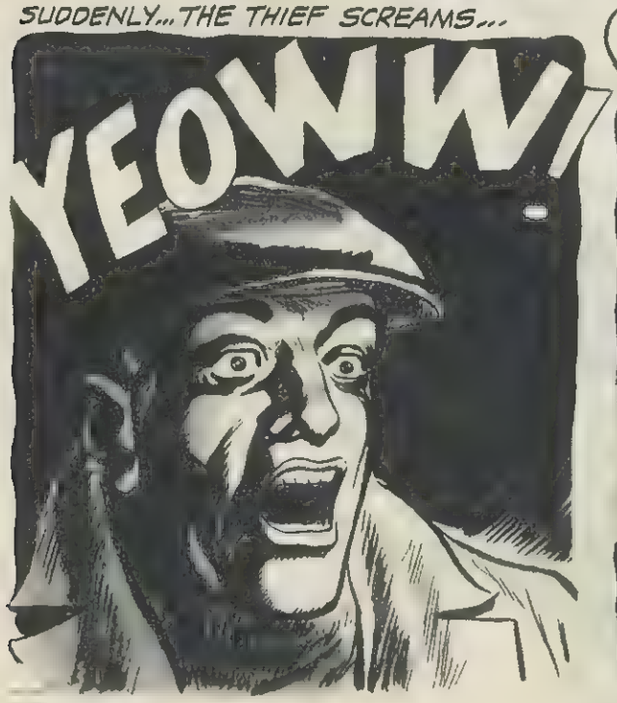
...YOU...ARE...THE ...ONLY... MAN... I... COULD... EVER... LOVE!
DON'T COME NEAR ME! YOU'RE HORRIBLE... DISGUSTING! STAY AWAY!

WHY... DO... YOU... NOT... PUT... YOUR... ARMS... AROUND... ME... WHEN... YOU... CALL... ME... AS... YOU... USED... TO... DO??
KEEP AWAY!! I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK AT YOU!

YOU STAGGER BACK, AND CRASH INTO SOME BOTTLES... BOTTLES FILLED WITH ACID!

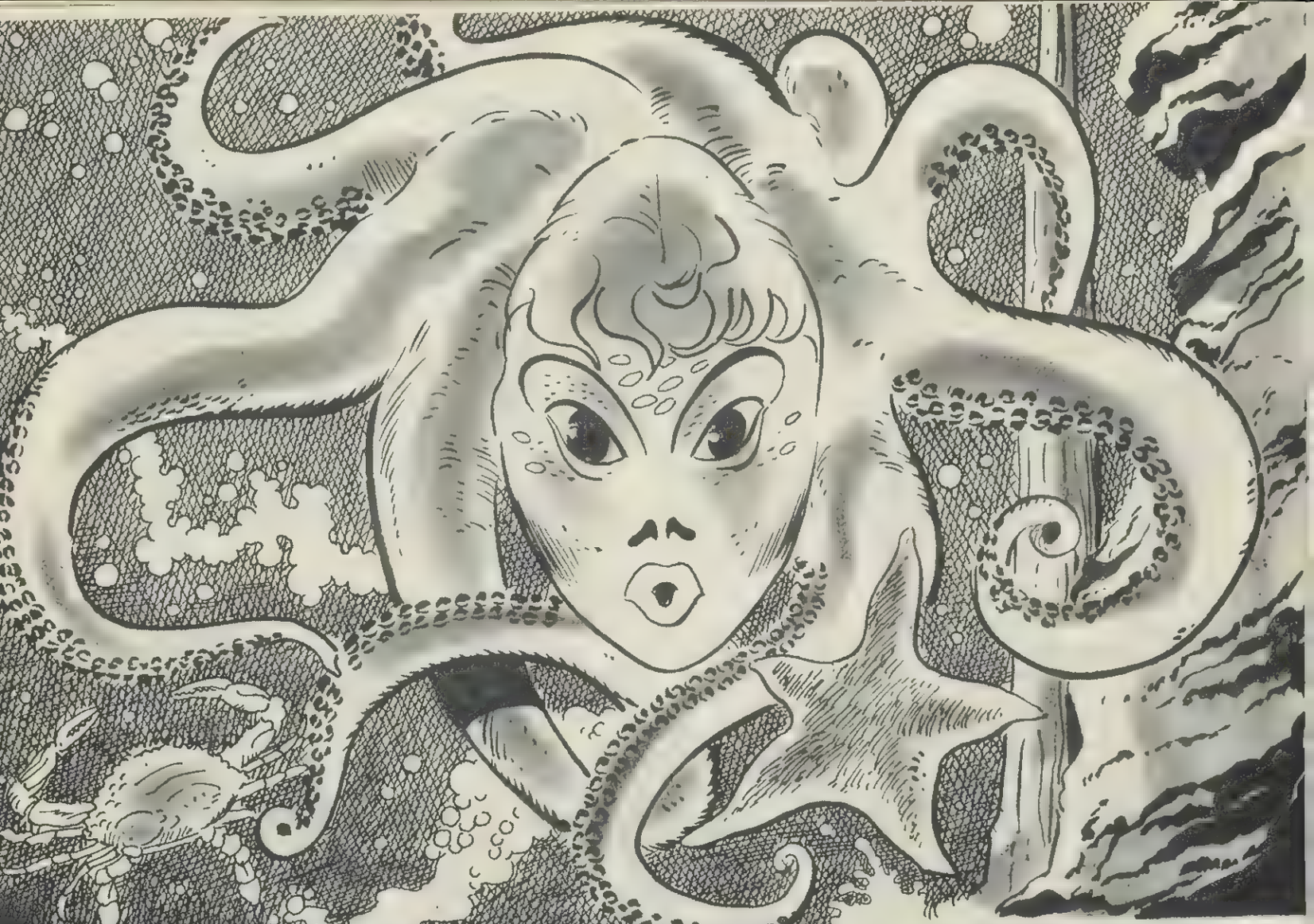

DEATH IS SWIFT AS POWERFUL ACIDS BURN INTO YOU... GOODBYE, GEORGO!
ARRGGH-H!


BECAUSE OF YOUR MANIA FOR SECLUSION... NO ONE SUSPECTS YOU ARE DEAD! UNTIL ONE DAY... A BURGLAR BREAKS IN!
THE PLACE IS EMPTY!


SUDDENLY... THE THIEF SCREAMS...
YEOWW!

GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!
...THIS... IS... THE... ONLY... MAN... I... COULD... EVER... LOVE... YOU... LEAVE... HIM... ALONE... OR... I'LL... KILL YOU!!!

THE END



THE THING FROM THE SEA

■She had to do her work early, before any of the guests came downstairs. Aunt Rachel always said that if the guests saw her they might leave the place and she did not intend to lose money over such as Halia. But Halia stole one moment to look out a window and watch the blue sea frothing white over the Rock. Soon he would be there, on the big Rock, beyond the breakers. Today, or tonight, she was certain. She hurried her cleaning, for there was the kitchen and back porch to scrub, and kindling to split for the great fireplace.

When she had finished it all she went to the only room she had ever known—a shed in the back yard. Here she had tried to do her lessons as a child, but failed, and hated the dry pages, the terrifying black numerals of her arithmetic. Here she had put on a new dress for her first party—and returned home early, broken-hearted. Here she had suffered a dry, racking torment that shook her body and made her ill. And, after a while, her Aunt had

taken her out of school, saying that she was needed at home.

Dipping a washrag into an old tin basin full of water, Halia rubbed it slowly over her face. Her skull was extremely narrow, like two convex mirrors placed together, and her huge gray eyes, oval-shaped, protuberant, were set on each side of her skull in an unusual fashion. The room smelled strongly of seaweed and brine, and the odor came from a large, zinc-lined tub next to her bed in which Halia kept her little friends, anemones, small cowries, sea crabs and other creatures of the sea lived there. Beside it was her skin mask and flippers. These, and some marine maps thumb-tacked on the wall were Halia's only possessions. She did not desire any others.

Getting out of her short, full denim skirt and blouse she slipped on the deep purple garment of coarse, rough cloth that she liked best. It was bell-shaped, sleeveless, with a low neck and hung from her shoulders, beltless, to the calves of her legs. She slipped leather sandals on her feet and hurried out. It was late, and she must not miss him.

At the cliff edge old Adams, the postman, hailed her cheerily and asked, "Lots of folks at the house now?" Halia merely nodded and hurried on. She could not understand why people talked so much, for she herself did not like to talk. It was so difficult to say the words. Most persons could not understand her, except for the village shop keepers who had known her since she was a child.

The little town of Marina del Oro was a cove not far south of Carmel on the Pacific Coast. One end had a wide, sandy beach and small fishing wharf and all of the village houses and shops were at this end; the other, nearest the Rhodes' isolated place, was rocky and dangerous. Halia's Aunt Rachel Rhodes, left with a rambling old home and many debts, had done very well for herself. Her establishment became a small, exclusive refuge for the wealthy, jaded people who badly needed nest and renovating after a year of heavy work and social activities. Rachel Rhodes made no concesscions to their customary luxuries. Her rooms held only necessities, but they were large and immaculate and each had a balcony or big window from which to look upon the sea. Her rates were high and her cook was a genius.

The two cypresses that stood before the house on the bluff were casting long shadows when Halia went slipping and sliding in her hurry down the dirt and rock path of the cliff, down to the sea. Wild and desolate stretched the beach, every rock tormented into grotesque shape by the heavy breakers, the sand dotted with driftwood like limbs torn from living bodies. Only the small boat, belonging to the Rhodes place gave sign of human habitation; it was pulled far back against the cliff.

Beyond the breakers the Rock jutted high above a lower, more level cluster of rocks that pierced the sea, projecting out from the shore and invisible except at very low tide. Halia went to the edge of this reef and stood and laughed. The fishermen believed they knew the habits of the fish and the sea, but they did not know what she did. The men who came with strange machines and tanks and boats, who talked and wrote down words on paper, thought they knew. But they were wrong.

The sun died in the early fog mist

and nothing moved along the cove and its waters; Halia liked it that way. *People smell queer,* she thought, *smell of what they are feeling: hate, or fear, or love. They are not clean.*

SUDDENLY SHE heard the hoarse, sharp call and saw a dark shining head appear near the Rock. At once Halia called back, with the sound that was so easy for her to make. Then a great black body heaved itself out of the sea and hunched onto the ledge of the Rock. Halia began wading out over the jagged reef, her feet unhurt by the clusters of sharp mussels and barnacles. The sea rose to her armpits and she waved her arms above her head.

All the townsfolk warned children and strangers away from the maze of dangerous rocks at that end of the cove. Some said that a shark had been seen there, but others said that the water was too cold for sharks, and too shallow.

Wading was too slow, Halia found; she went to the rim of the ledge, made a shallow dive and swam to the big Rock. Again the harsh cry rang over the water as the gleaming black form bent toward the girl, and she climbed up and threw her arms around the neck of the young male sea lion.

On the little wharf a mile from the Rock a fisherman raised his head. "Guess Jonah's back. That was his bark." But it was too dark and too far away to see the two figures on the wet, slippery surface.

THE MAN CAME late to the house on the cliff that night and ate a sparse supper from the tray Rachel Rhodes had brought to his room. In his Chinese dressing-gown of ivory brocade with the rings flashing on his fingers as he turned a page of the rare erotic book, while he finished his meal, he was an outlandish figure in that time and place. Richard Warren sighed impatiently, ran a nervous hand through his hair—too black from the dye he used—and got up. He opened one of his traveling cases and looked at the bottles of liquor and the contrabrand cigarettes that lay there. He knew he must have a complete change of pace in his life if he were to remain healthy, and was determined to not use these supplies.

But living in the daytime instead of the night was not going to be easy, he

knew, and found another book to distract him. This one, of ancient arcana, bored him after scanning a few pages; there was nothing new for him in the world. He had sampled every dangerous excitement, each ravishing delight. And he went to the old mottled mirror over the plain oaken dresser and removed his robe and examined his firm, lean body carefully. There was no sagging flesh, no fat; every inch of the fine skin was sound.

THE FOLLOWING morning Halia was propped up in bed, trying again to read her only book, one written for twelve-year-olds. From time to time she would reach into the tub at her bedside, swarming with small sea creatures, scoop up a handful and fill her mouth. Abruptly, the door of her room was shoved open, and Rachel Rhodes walked in. From the gray hair strained into a knot on the top of her head to the plain, serviceable black oxfords on her feet she was an austere, uncompromising person—a steel piston of a woman, efficient and unyielding.

"You'll have to take a breakfast tray to one of them," she snapped. "That fool Mattie just sprained her ankle."

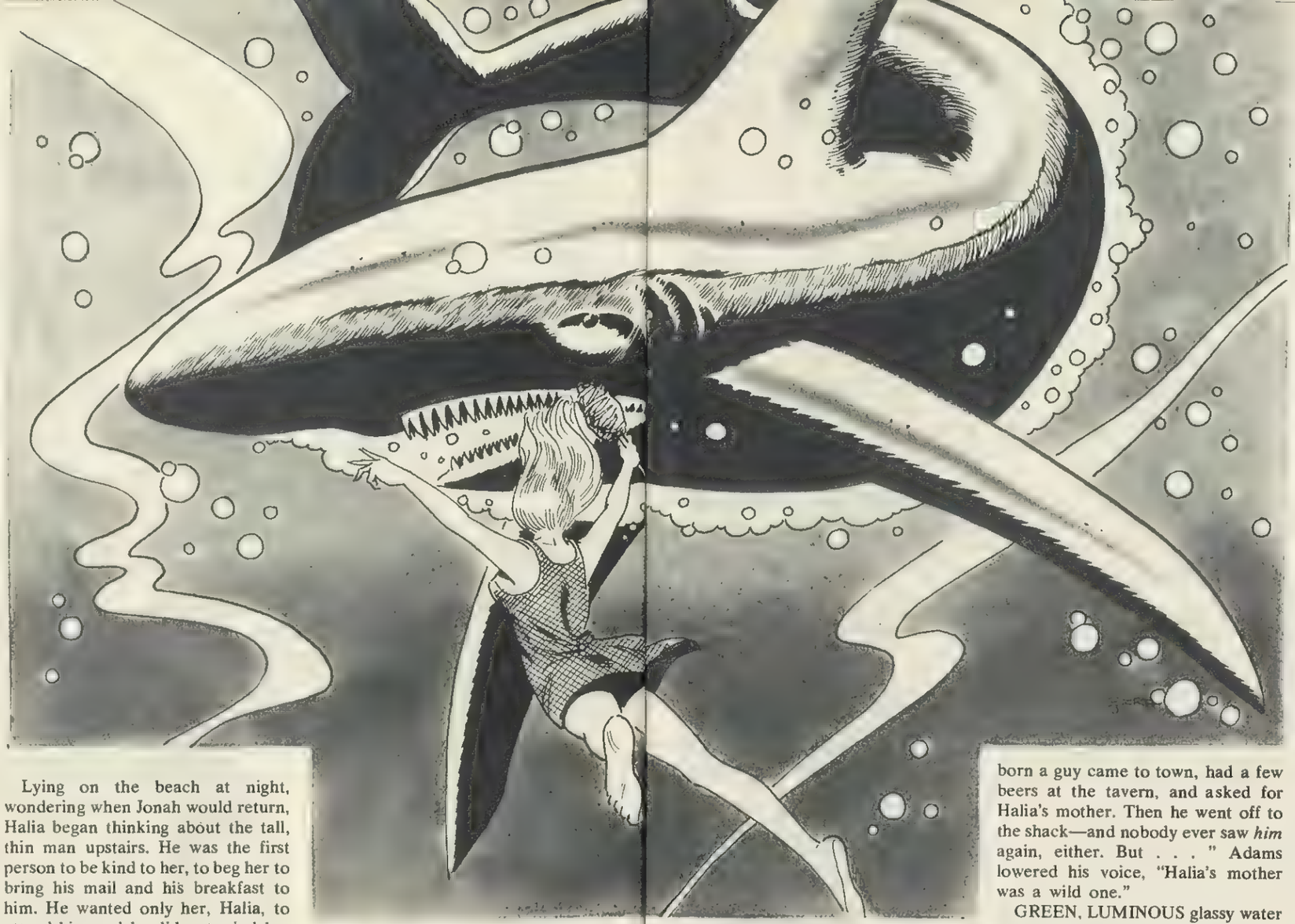
Halia stared at her from the rumpled bedclothes. "You understand me, don't you?" asked her aunt comtemptuously. "Get up and try to look presentable so you don't frighten anybody."

AFTER A sleepless night, Richard Warren stood tapping his foot impatiently while he waited for his breakfast tray. He heard an odd, scraping sound at the door and opened it. For once in his life Richard was startled. That incredible face! Those enormous gray eyes!

"Break-fast."

While she set down the tray and arranged the table by the glass doors overlooking the balcony and the sea, he saw that her body moved with amazing grace, each motion flowing into the next as if body, arm, and hand were one. Long hair, of a color impossible to determine, hung below her shoulders and her skin, extremely fine textured, had a faintly luminous quality. "Thank you Halia. We shall be friends, I hope. I shall be staying here for quite a while."

The girl merely nodded coldly and left.



Lying on the beach at night, wondering when Jonah would return, Halia began thinking about the tall, thin man upstairs. He was the first person to be kind to her, to beg her to bring his mail and his breakfast to him. He wanted only her, Halia, to attend him and he did not mind her not talking. He liked to look at her, she knew, smiling that wonderful smile of his, sometimes touching her hair. Everyone else laughed at the 'molasses' hair, as they called it, but Richard found it interesting

He has a good smell, she thought; *it is a mixture of many things. Things I don't know about. But there is no feeling in his smell, like the other people have. And his eyes are open at night and his mind is going at night. In the darkness, almost as if he were under the water, moving through the sea. His face has deep wrinkles like scars burnt into the skin. Why doesn't his face match his body? In swimming trunks he is a young man until he turns his head. And why does he keep talking to me and meeting me when I am working in the back of the house and yard. He is one of the guests and they are different from anyone else in the village and from anyone I have known. And all of them different from me.*

ONE MORNING Richard had carried his skin diving equipment to the back of the house when Adams came by with the mail.

"Going to dive down near the Rock?"

"Yes."

"Can be nasty down there."

"Halia is going with me."

The postman stared at him in surprise. "Oh, well, in that case . . . She knows every inch of the Cove."

It seemed to Richard that all of his wiles were useless with this strange girl. He found himself as challenged, as excited as he had been when he first made love. "A sweet girl. And lonely, poor child . . . I suppose you knew her mother and father?"

"Met her mother a few times." He continued sorting the mail. "Lived in a little shack over yonder. Shack's gone. So's Halia's mother. She left here when the girl was a year old. Her sister, Mrs. Rhodes, took care of Halia ever since. The mother never came back."

"But the father . . . ?"

"Nobody ever saw him. He scratched his head thoughtfully. "They do tell that just after Halia was born a guy came to town, had a few beers at the tavern, and asked for Halia's mother. Then he went off to the shack—and nobody ever saw *him* again, either. But . . . " Adams lowered his voice, "Halia's mother was a wild one."

GREEN, LUMINOUS glassy water closed over Richard and Halia as they went gliding down and along among the rocks, where abalone clung and some lobster could be glimpsed. Masses of seaweed and grasses waved gently as they went through and Halia, turning, twisting, darting, circling, had never been so happy except with Jonah. Richard, who prided himself upon his skill at this as in all sports was astounded at the girl. After a half hour, he knew she could stay under water for twelve to fifteen minutes—longer than any South Pacific native who was forced to carry a heavy rock to take him down.

Once, when she had disappeared Richard saw a cave and thought she might have gone into it. Going closer, he grabbed a projecting rock and held on. In the narrow, shallow cave sprawled out, weighted by a heavy, rusted bar and an old boat anchor, was a skeleton. A man's—yet it did not look altogether like a man's skeleton. As he swam into the cave he looked into Halia's eyes. Behind the glass mask they were two burning furies, and in her right hand was a long, gleaming knife.

Raging, she pushed at him, jerking her head back in the direction from which they had come, and shaking the knife threateningly. He did as she wanted.

When they were back on shore he said, in his throaty, crooning voice, "It isn't hospitable to threaten a friend with a knife."

Halia, shaking out her long, straight hair, felt a terrible constriction in her chest and throat and struggled for breath. And then at last she choked out, "The cave. No one knows. No one goes. There is a sacred place. My father—buried."

A slow smile spread across Richard's brown, wrinkled face. Here was the rarity, the new mystery to titillate his jaded spirit. This fish-eyed girl with her father's skeleton tied to a rusty anchor.

Reluctantly Halia continued. "A letter. Left for me. I grew up and read what my mother wrote down. About my father."

"But why *there?*"

Halia shrugged. "Don't know." Did it matter where the dead lay? But she moved uneasily in the hot rays of the sun at which she could not look, while Richard flung himself upon the sand and sighed contentedly under the warm golden bath.

"Please." Impulsively she put her hand on his leg. "Sorry about knife." The bright blade was hidden once more in the sheath that fitted neatly on her thigh.

He took both her hands in his and gently kissed them. "Poor child," he said, and she felt her eyes sting a little. What was it, she wondered, making her eyes sting?

THAT EVENING Richard set out glasses, brandy and delicate morsels that he had brought from the city's finest gourmet shops. When he heard

pebbles rattling and the sound of something sliding down the steep cliff path he went to the balcony. Halia, carrying a large sack on her back, was going down the path. Puzzled, Richard looked back at the table and the wood ready to light in the fireplace. He was certain that she would come to him that night.

Only a half disk of silver, brilliant in its newness hung in the sky above the great sea as Halia made her way across the beach and went into the water. Comforting, soothing liquid close round her, flowed round her as she went out to the ebony mass of the Rock where Jonah was waiting. She climbed up and from the sack took the large fish she had brought him. He barked once in appreciation and swallowed the food. But Halia turned her head, sharp eyes on the black swell, touched palely by the moon. Someone was coming. Another friend. She made Jonah understand this and he came close to rub his head and neck along her wet body in affection.

Out of the hissing sea reared the white jaws of the shark, wide open, avid, demanding. The girl waved her arm and the shark's jaws shut and he whirled about gracefully, swirling the water, making a gracious geeting in his fashion. Then the hideous head lifted above the surface once more. Her hands were already holding the huge, bloody piece of meat from the sack; she threw it to him. Two long rows of savage teeth closed over the meat.

Richard, dividing his time between watching the orange-crimson fire flames and the balcony, from which he looked out uneasily, felt there was something unusual abroad that night. The half moon had been hidden by a wet gray fog moving in fast from the open sea and the beach and the Rock were concealed as if neither had existed. And the girl—had she, too, vanished?

THE SCRAPING at his bedroom door sounded and his smile was triumphant as he went to open it. Noiselessly,swiftly Halia slipped into the room. As she moved about, staring curiously at the things on the table, she left puddles of salty water and bits of limp seaweed from her bare feet.

"My dear—you must be quite wet!" He saw the dress clinging to her. "Take this drink before you catch cold."

Halia slowly sipped the very strong brandy and soda and gazed at him with her stiff, awkward smile. "Happy. Here. In your room."

When she left him, he chuckled with delight, for he meant to fit this treasure into his life, somehow. But he wondered at the reek of fish that permeated the whole room . . .

They met only in the secret night, shrouded in darkness and sea mist, sometimes in his room, sometimes on the beach. Once, on the beach a shapeless mass, like the sea mist's thickening form, rose up on top of the Rock and sent scream after scream through the roar of the breakers. "What's that!" cried Richard. "See—over there!"

Halia laughed very softly. " Jonah. He doesn't like you with me. Your hands touch me."

"Nonsense, Halia. What weird ideas you have."

The big globes of her eyes looked at him as out of a deep abyss. "Sea lion can feel. So can fish and other animal. People don't know. Animal and fish want to be friends. But people kill or put in a zoo. Some day people will be in cages."

A chill went through him and his flesh tingled as if maggots were crawling in it. He got up, saying brusquely, "I'm going back before I freeze with the cold and become ill."

She followed,wondering again over the meaning of the words 'cold' and 'ill' for she had never experienced either. There were so many things to learn. Moving to Richard's side she rubbed her head against his shoulder up and down, to make him notice her and when his voice, now in that subtle croon came to her she felt the deepest chord within her touched. It was the signal to pull away from the kindly friends she knew. As she considered that agonizing effort,the bitter pain, the awful confusion of mind, and the rending away of many instincts natural to her that she would be forced to undergo, Halia shuddered. But when Richard told her his plan she consented without the slightest hesitation.

A FEW DAYS later Halia, alone in her room, was gazing sadly at the large tub, now empty. The room looked strange, with the cheap old suitcase, stolen from the attic ,lying on her bed. In it were the new clothes Richard had insisted on her buying with the money he gave her. Clothes like the narrow white linen dress she was wearing, with the blue silk coat and the stockings and white, highheeled shoes that were so difficult to walk in.

Passing a hand over her greenish bronze hair, she made sure the big knot at the back of her head was tight with the metal pins and the combs. The old way was better because long hair concealed the parts of her neck which must be covered. But Richard had asked that she make the change.

She went over to the house to seek him in his room for reassurance, but found him gone. With her usual silent movements and noiseless tread Halia went looking for him. Approaching the combination reading and music room she heard the sound of his voice, which came to her with clearness and volume unknown to other people. *Always his voice will pull me to him*, she thought, and was glad. *All the strange words of his love, his command will draw me and teach me.* Halia paused where she was. She had never been able to understand the meaning of all the words he had used but she knew, with that uncanny, primitive sense of hers, the 'feeling' of the words.

Richard was saying, "Of course it's a startling idea."

A woman's voice murmured. Halia remembered the new guest with the queer silvery hair and many brilliant green stones in her rings and bracelets who had arrived that morning. "But I made a point to look at this girl. She's wild—probably unmanageable. And ugly, Dick! Very ugly!"

"Naturally she's ugly, Angela darling. She's a true original. An exotic. I'm going to transplant her into my home in the city as a conversation piece. Think what a marvelous contrast she'll be to my ivory Chinese figurines, my porcelains, my contour furniture."

"You talk as if she were not human."

Halia's breath drew in sharply, the pain knifing her chest.

"Actually Halia is not human. A sort of hominid. A subhuman. I magine her at one of my parties!" he laughed.

"Always busy with your life work,

aren't you, Dick. Always corrupting."

"My dear, I refuse to be bored."

"And when you're tired of the girl, what will happen to her?"

Richard sighed, rather impatiently. "What happened to all the other young men and women?"

HALIA LISTENED for the woman's answer, but none came. As silently as a snake slipping over the ground Halia moved through the halls and rooms, into the garden to the shed. Eyes shut, fists clenched, she waited for her body to cease trembling. *If only I knew what all the words meant,* she thought. *How can I be certain that he is good or evil? How?* 'Girl is ugly,' she remembered clearly. Richard had said it. 'Halia is not human.' Yet she had meant to try so desperately hard. Other words from Richard's mouth had come with cold, sneering laughter underneath, with some evil, lacerating intention toward herself. Danger of a kind she could not understand was in Richard's tone and in the scent of him. Scent of the hunter. All her uncanny animal instincts rose to tell her of danger, and they never lied.

In her infinite loneliness, caught halfway between animal and human, the girl remembered. *The people in the village hurt me a little. But not as Richard is doing. The fisherman puts bait on a hook. The hunter sets a trap. Richard has done this.*

THAT NIGHT, barefoot, wearing the old violet frock she led Richard down the steep cliff path. It was very dark but the sea fog lay off the land, touching the shore side of the Rock and concealing it.

"We were ready to leave today, but you had to stay over to come down to the beach one more time," he grumbled.

She pointed. "Friends. Want to say goodbye. Here."

They arrived at the reef and the tide was out. Richard stared curiously at the girl. In spite of the darkness, her skin glowed as if bathed in phosphoresence. Also, he was concious as never before of the presence of unseen, living creatures all around him. Piles of slippery kelp lay humped on the sand and along the reef that projected out into the water and ended in the great Rock itself. Softly the water hissed, promising the sea, the ports of call far off, the coral shores, the jungle

grasses. "You've seen it now. You've said goodbye."

But the salt-rough hand that held his tightened and Halia went forward over the sharp reef, over the clusters of mussels. "Please. Come." Among the gray, pitted rocks furred with sea anemone, bristling with molluscs there was great warfare going on. She smiled, thinking of it. The small, almost microscopic creatures were being chased and killed by the larger. A starfish crawled along, looking for prey. A giant slug withdrew into his shell. A hermit crab was hiding against an enemy attack. The battlefield was all around them and beneath their feet and this was as it should be, she knew.

Suddenly a loud splash sounded on Richard's right, but he could see nothing. He jerked back. "We

needn't go on!"

"Come."

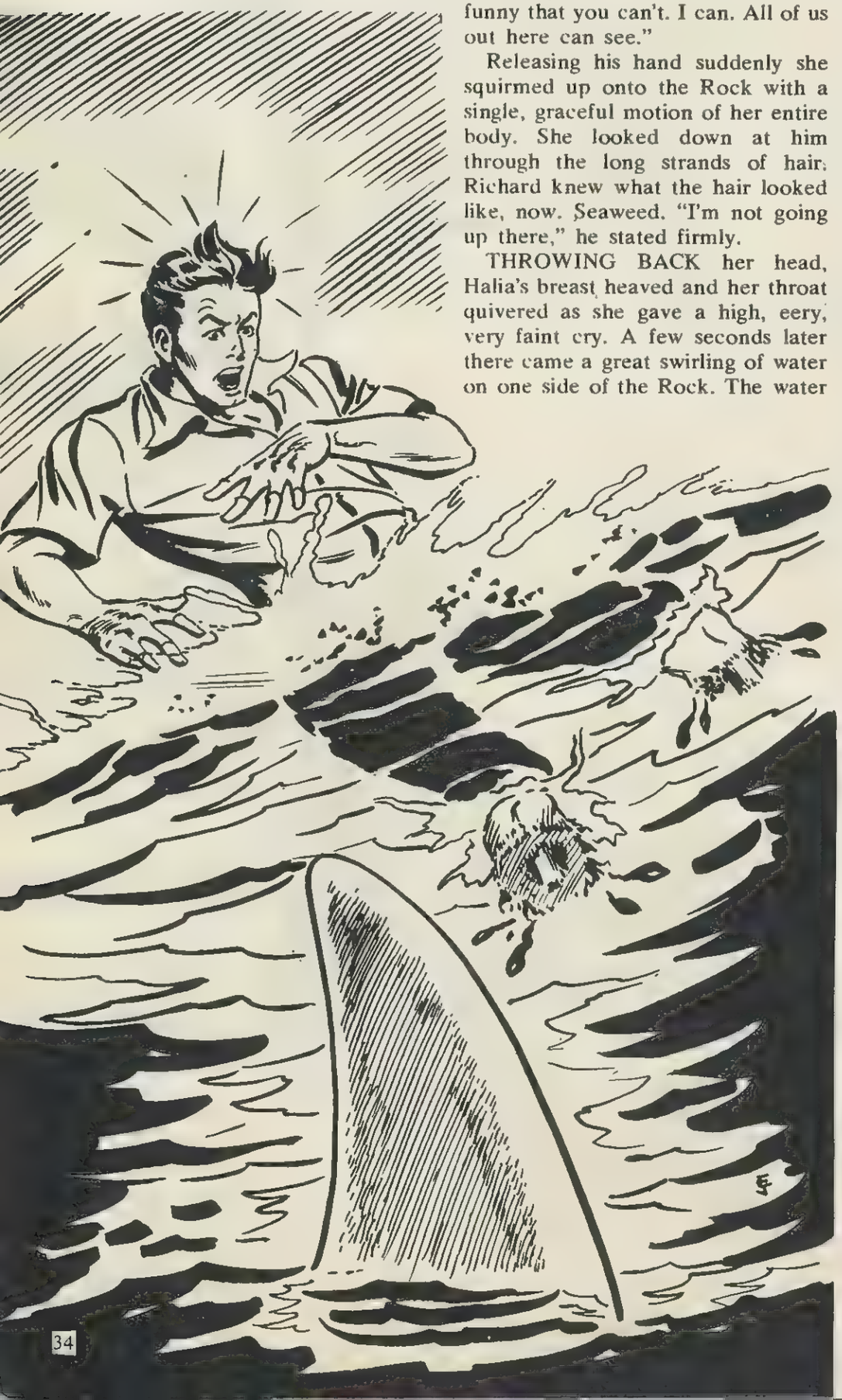
For the first time she turned to look at her enemy and the gray eyes pierced his and the smile was a flash of the white silver. "Do not fear, Richard. You love me. You say it many times. How can you feel fear when you are with the one you love?"

He looked back across the beach which now seemed so far away and up past the night tangled cypresses, old sad witches leaning on a wind long gone, to the yellow light that shone from the windows of the house. But she tugged harder at his hand and now the water was knee deep. He stumbled and fell on the sharp rocks. "Not so fast. I can't see!"

Halia pulled him to his feet. "How funny that you can't. I can. All of us out here can see."

Releasing his hand suddenly she squirmed up onto the Rock with a single, graceful motion of her entire body. She looked down at him through the long strands of hair. Richard knew what the hair looked like, now. Seaweed. "I'm not going up there," he stated firmly.

THROWING BACK her head, Halia's breast heaved and her throat quivered as she gave a high, eery, very faint cry. A few seconds later there came a great swirling of water on one side of the Rock. The water moved oddly, not foaming, but circling, tossing wavelets against the Rock.



"There's something under the water!" he shouted in alarm.

"Nothing, Richard. Come."

The Rock seemed safer so he climbed awkwardly onto the ledge and found himself shaking. Halia gazed closely at her beloved as she drew the knife from its sheath.

"Back—we're going back!" he cried angrily, fighting the terrible, nameless fear.

"One of us," she murmured, and plunged the knife into first one of his legs, then into the other with short, shallow cuts.

"Crazy—you're crazy!" Richard lunged at her and clutched the wriggling body of the girl, but he could not hold her.

It was easy for Halia to push him from the Rock into the sea. The jaws of the great white fish were waiting, eager for flesh, the rows of razor teeth gleaming. Halia watched the shark tear off the man's legs. Then, throwing back her head she gave another of the wild, soundless cries and the shark, thrashing his tail, grinned up at her and waited.

Sliding down into the water, she effortlessly brought what was left of Richard onto the reef where there was one small area above the surface. There she left the bleeding lump of human flesh and turned back to the Rock.

Jonah was waiting . . .

When the surgeon at the hospital had finished his work and stated that Richard would live, Derek, the village policeman who had found him, took another stiff peg of whiskey. The platinum haired woman, Richard's friend, murmured, "Crippled for life. Half a man. That body he was so proud of."

"Hell—he wouldn't even be alive if I hadn't gone down there to look for them fellows tryin' to steal Miz Rhodes' boat! Halia told me t'day she seen 'em down there last night an' scared 'em away. But she made me promise to take a look around tonight 'bout nine o'clock, she said.

"Where is Halia?"

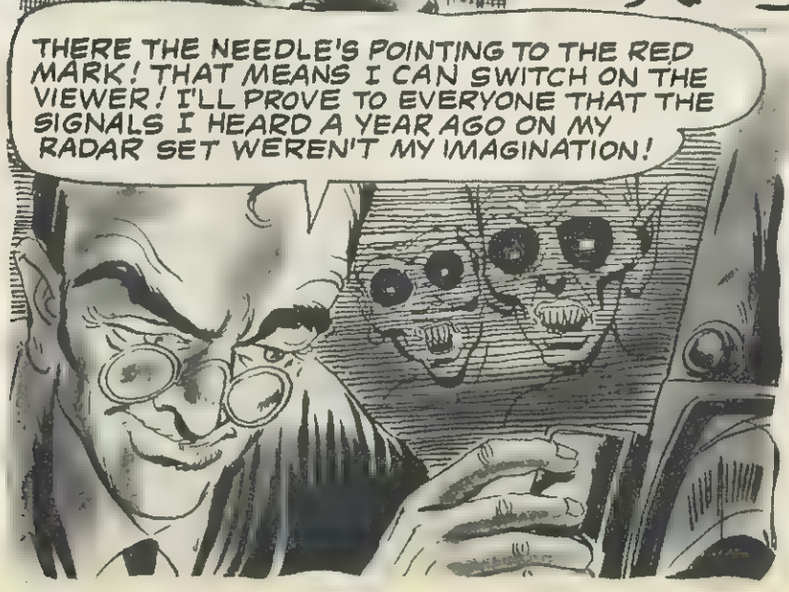
Derek shook his head sadly. "All we found was this." He held up the salt-soaked purple frock of coarse cloth. It looked like an old unwanted skin that had been discarded. ●

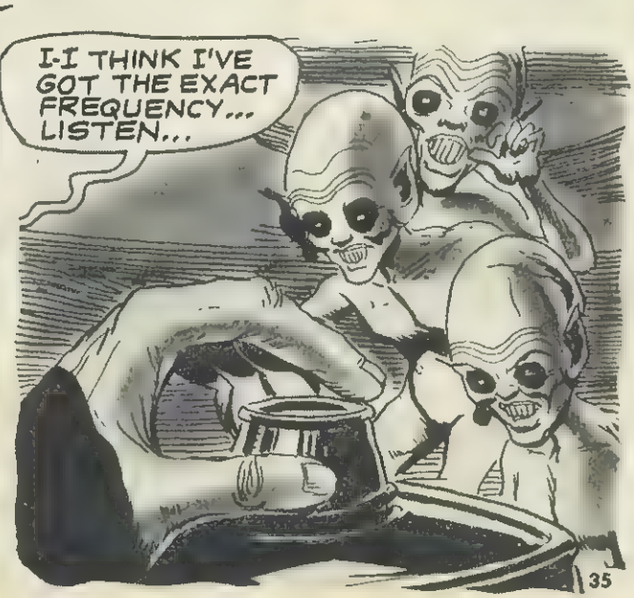
IT WORKS! I KNEW IF I STUCK WITH IT, I'D MAKE IT GO! HA! HA! JUST WAIT! LET IT WARM UP A BIT MORE, AND THEN!! I-I CAN'T EVEN THINK OF IT!!

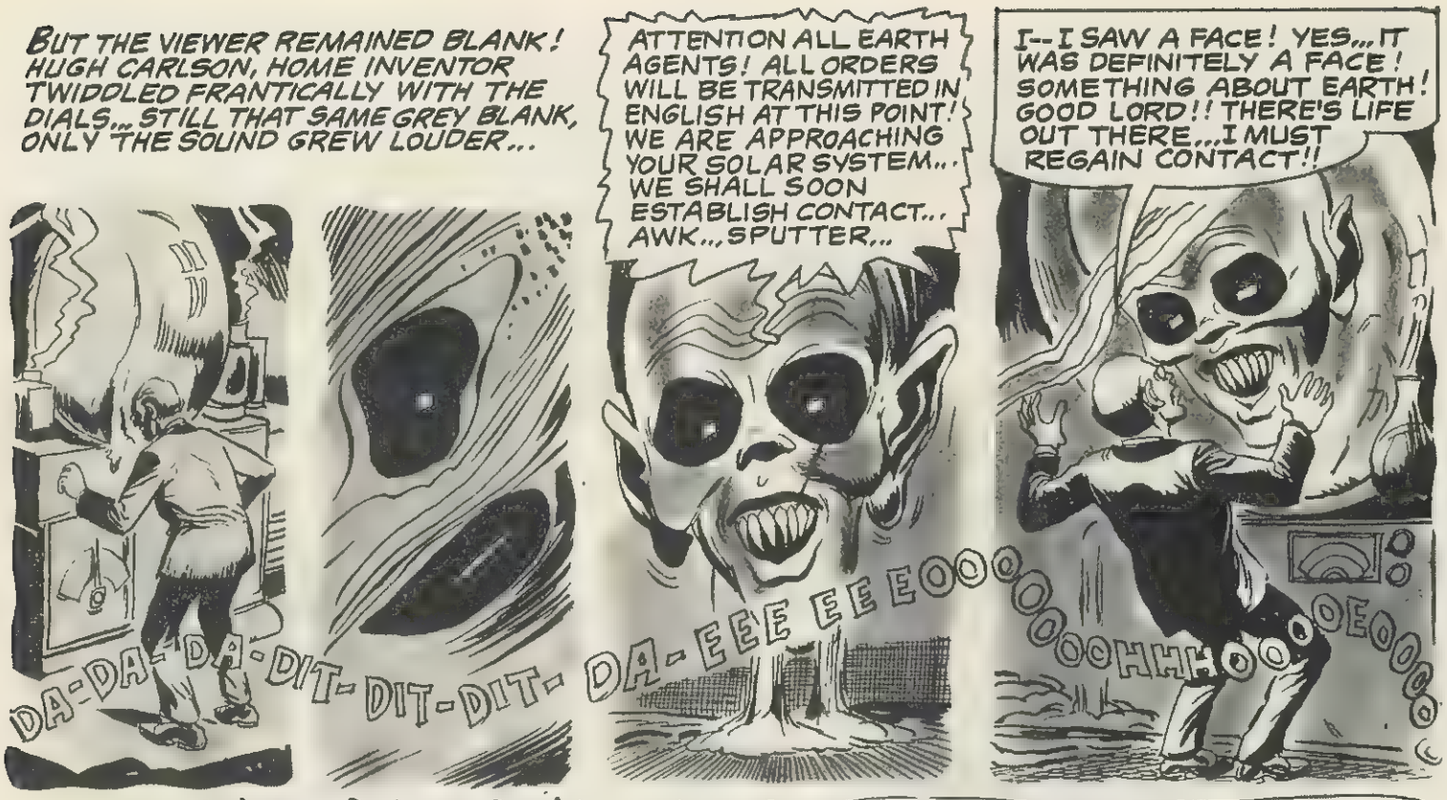
CASADEI

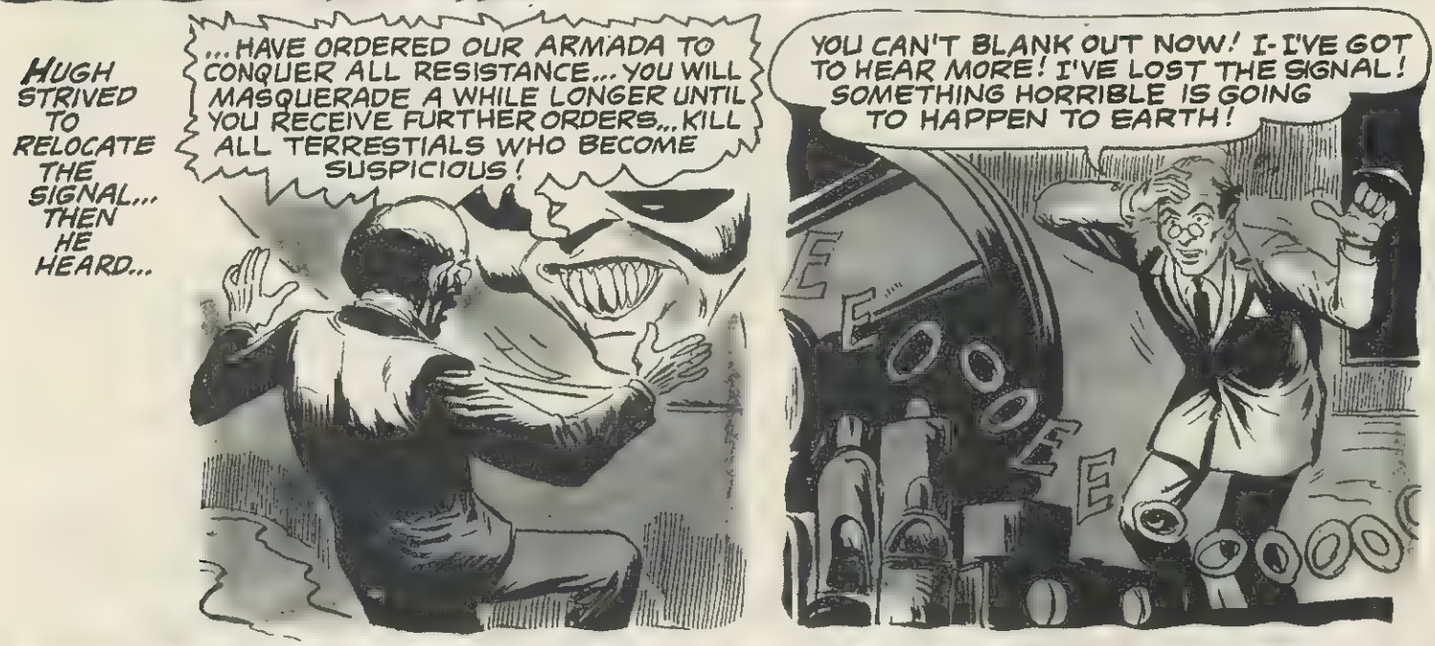
THE LITTLE MAN TWIRLED THE KNOBS! THE SIGNALS FROM OUTER SPACE WERE GROWING LOUDER ... BUT WHAT HE DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT SOON HE WOULD SEE...

THE CREATURES

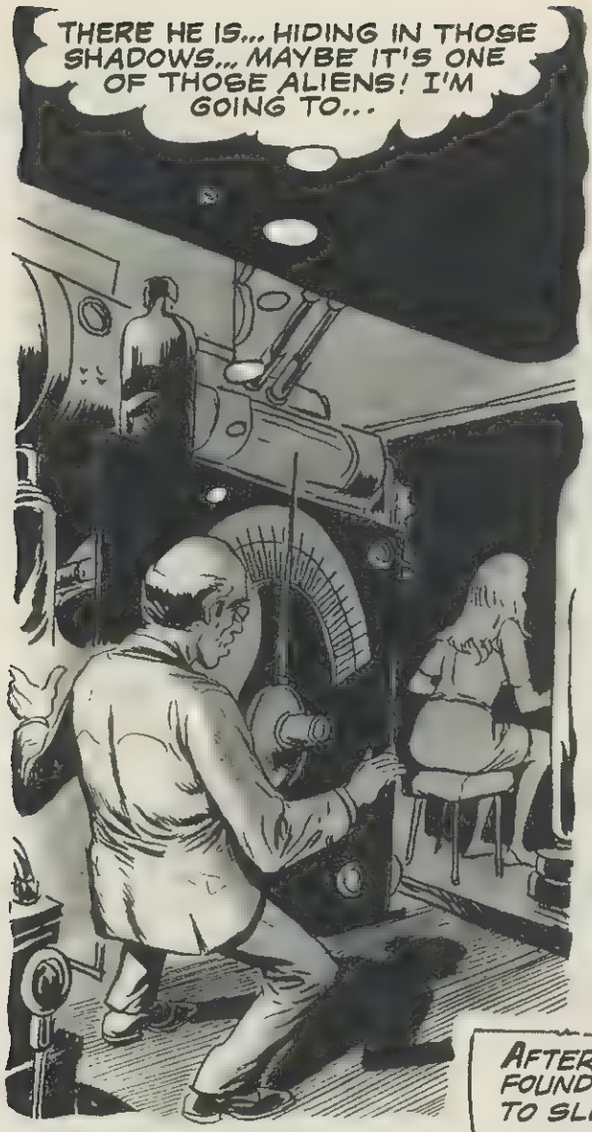





BUT THE VIEWER REMAINED BLANK! HUGH CARLSON, HOME INVENTOR TWIDDLED FRANTICALLY WITH THE DIALS... STILL THAT SAME GREY BLANK, ONLY THE SOUND GREW LOUDER...
DA-DA-DA-DIT-DIT-DIT-
ATTENTION ALL EARTH AGENTS! ALL ORDERS WILL BE TRANSMITTED IN ENGLISH AT THIS POINT! WE ARE APPROACHING YOUR SOLAR SYSTEM... WE SHALL SOON ESTABLISH CONTACT... AWK... SPUTTER...
DA-EEE EEE EOOOOOOOOOHHHOOOOEOOOO
I--I SAW A FACE! YES... IT WAS DEFINITELY A FACE! SOMETHING ABOUT EARTH! GOOD LORD!! THERE'S LIFE OUT THERE... I MUST REGAIN CONTACT!!

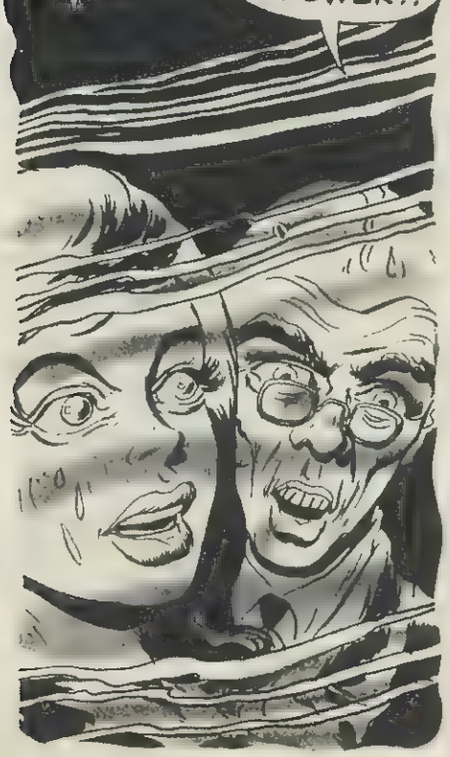

HUGH STRIVED TO RELOCATE THE SIGNAL... THEN HE HEARD...
...HAVE ORDERED OUR ARMADA TO CONQUER ALL RESISTANCE... YOU WILL MASQUERADE A WHILE LONGER UNTIL YOU RECEIVE FURTHER ORDERS... KILL ALL TERRESTIALS WHO BECOME SUSPICIOUS!
YOU CAN'T BLANK OUT NOW! I-I'VE GOT TO HEAR MORE! I'VE LOST THE SIGNAL! SOMETHING HORRIBLE IS GOING TO HAPPEN TO EARTH!
E
EOOOEE

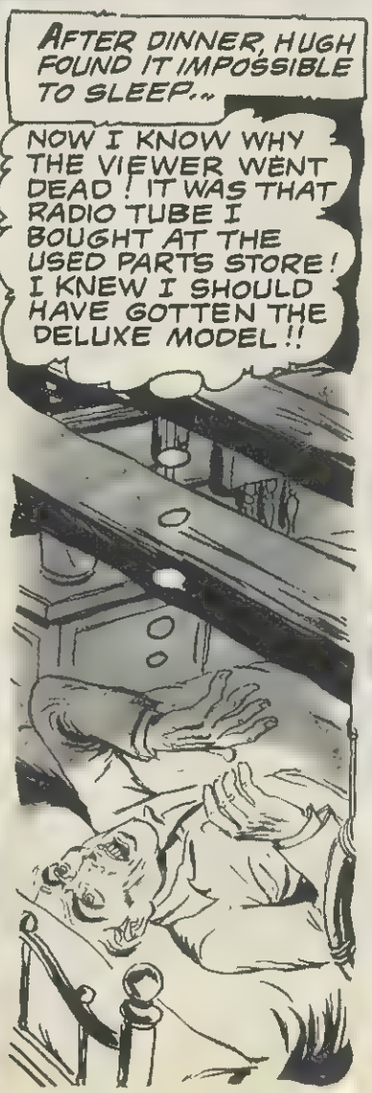
W-WHAT WAS THAT? SOMEONE'S IN HERE!

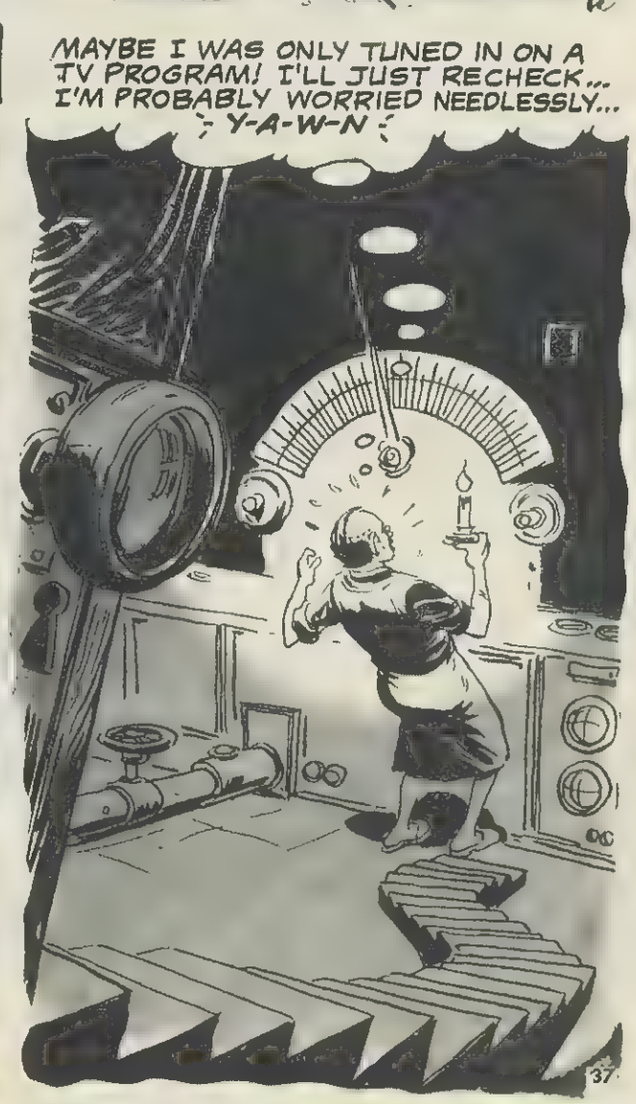

THERE HE IS... HIDING IN THOSE SHADOWS... MAYBE IT'S ONE OF THOSE ALIENS! I'M GOING TO...

HUGH! YOU FRIGHTENED ME!
JANIE! I THOUGHT YOU WERE... NEVER COME DOWN HERE!

WHEN I CALL YOU TO DINNER A DOZEN TIMES AND YOU DON'T ANSWER, WHAT DO YOU EXPECT?
BUT-- I DID IT, JANE! I SAW THEM! THE ALIENS! THEY'RE GOING TO CONQUER EARTH AND...AND...


WHAT NONSENSE IS THIS? HUGH CARLSON...IF YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING AGAIN...
IT'S THE TRUTH! I'LL SHOW YOU! OHH... THE MACHINE IS DEAD! USED TOO MUCH POWER!!


AFTER DINNER, HUGH FOUND IT IMPOSSIBLE TO SLEEP...
NOW I KNOW WHY THE VIEWER WENT DEAD! IT WAS THAT RADIO TUBE I BOUGHT AT THE USED PARTS STORE! I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN THE DELUXE MODEL!!

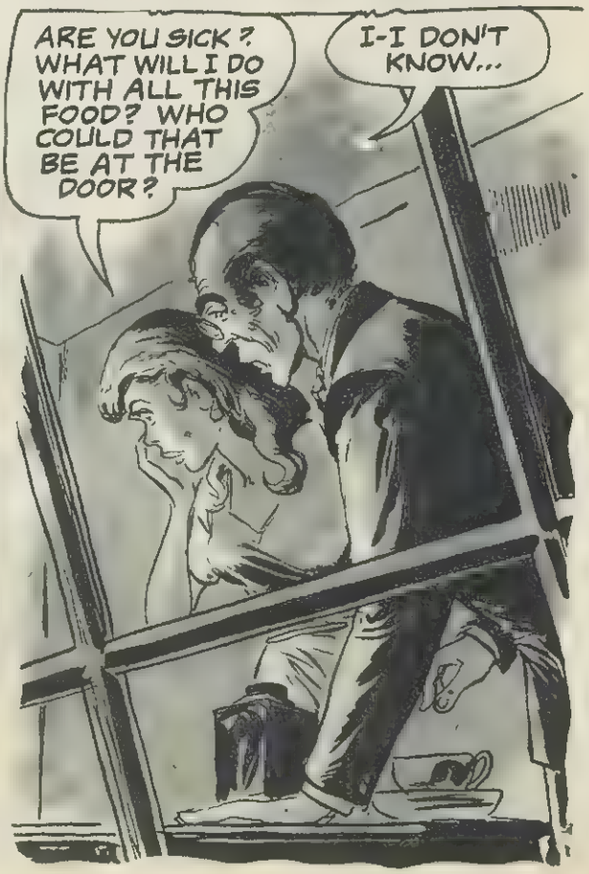

MAYBE I WAS ONLY TUNED IN ON A TV PROGRAM! I'LL JUST RECHECK... I'M PROBABLY WORRIED NEEDLESSLY...
Y-A-W-N

WHEN HUGH OPENED THE CELLAR DOOR... AND WENT DOWN!
YIEEEEEE!! SOMEONE'S DOWN HERE... AND IT'S NOT JANE! H-HE'S EXAMING MY SET! BET HE'S AN ALIEN! Y-YES! THAT'S IT! HE'S GOING TO KILL ME!

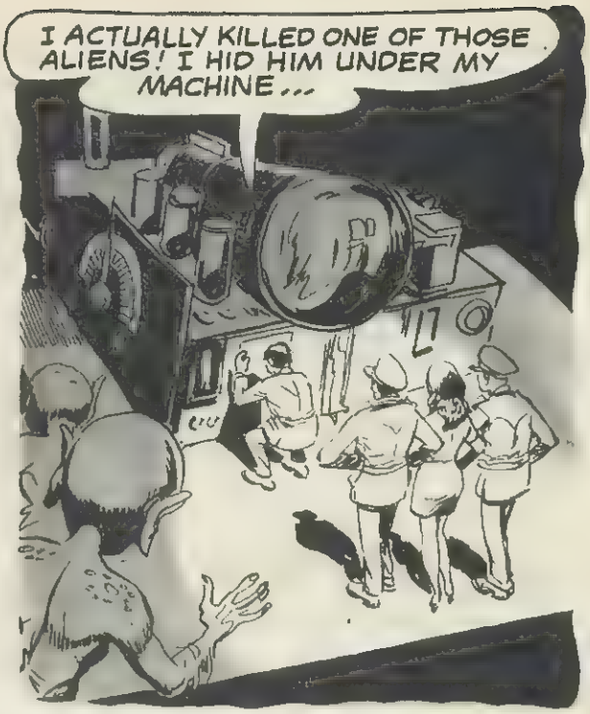
HE'LL KNOW I HEARD EVERYTHING! I-I'VE GOT TO DEFEND MYSELF! HE HASN'T SEEN ME YET!!

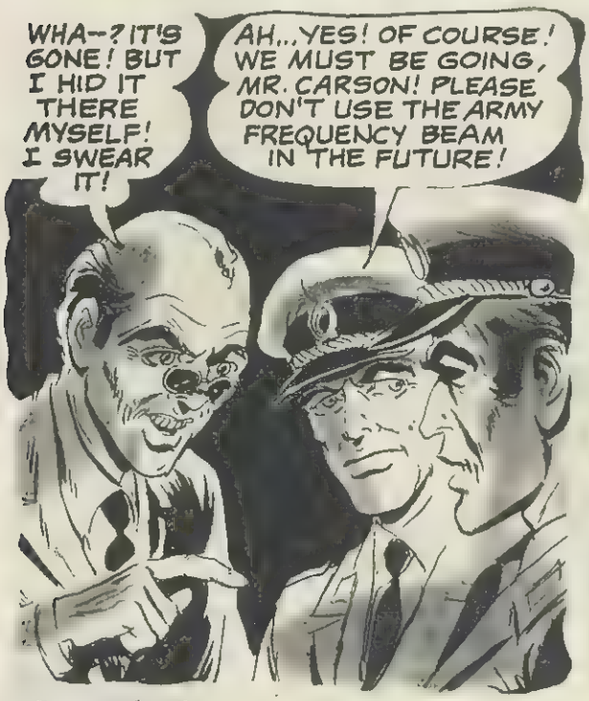
THERE! HA! HA! I FOOLED YOU!

A FOUL ODOR WELLED UP FROM THE DEAD ONE, AND HUGH LOOKED AND RETCHED! BUBBLING GREEN LIQUID TRICKLED ONTO THE FLOOR AND HUGH GOT SICKER...
IT...IT WAS ALIEN! OH, MY GOD! WHAT SHALL I DO? I CAN'T TELL JANE! IT...IT WOULD UPSET HER HORRIBLY!

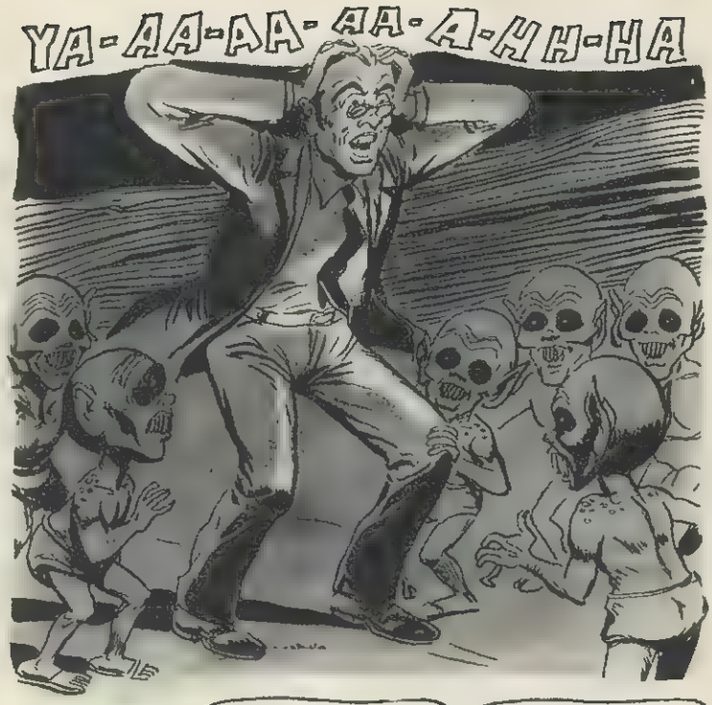

HUGH HID THE BODY AND WENT TO BED! THE NEXT DAY HE COULDN'T EAT!
ARE YOU SICK? WHAT WILL I DO WITH ALL THIS FOOD? WHO COULD THAT BE AT THE DOOR?
I-I DON'T KNOW...

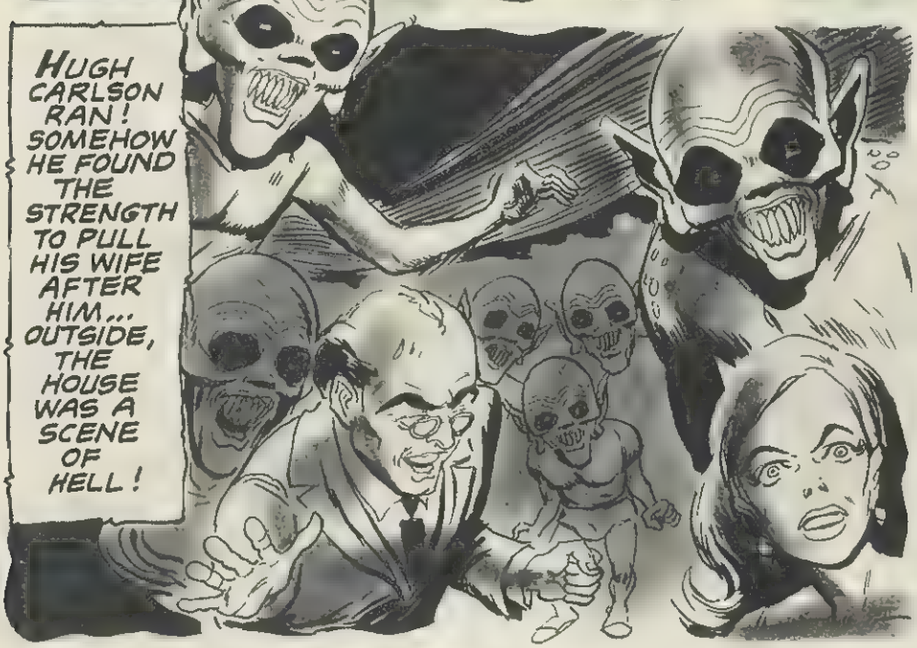
HUGH TOLD THEM EVERY-THING IN A FLOOD OF WELCOME RELIEF!

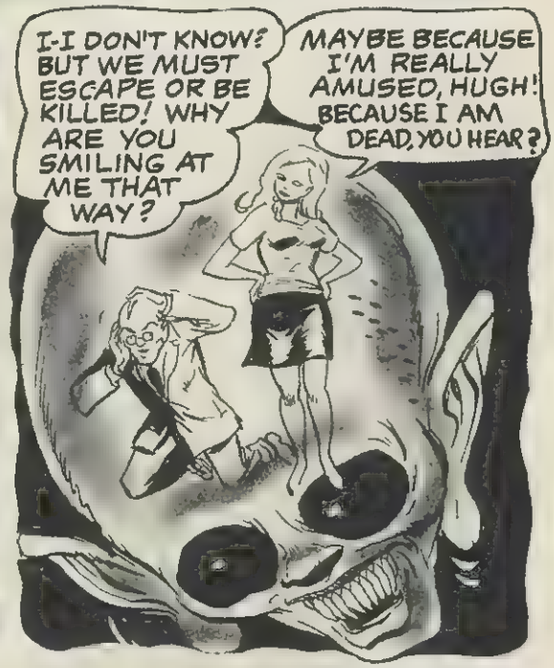


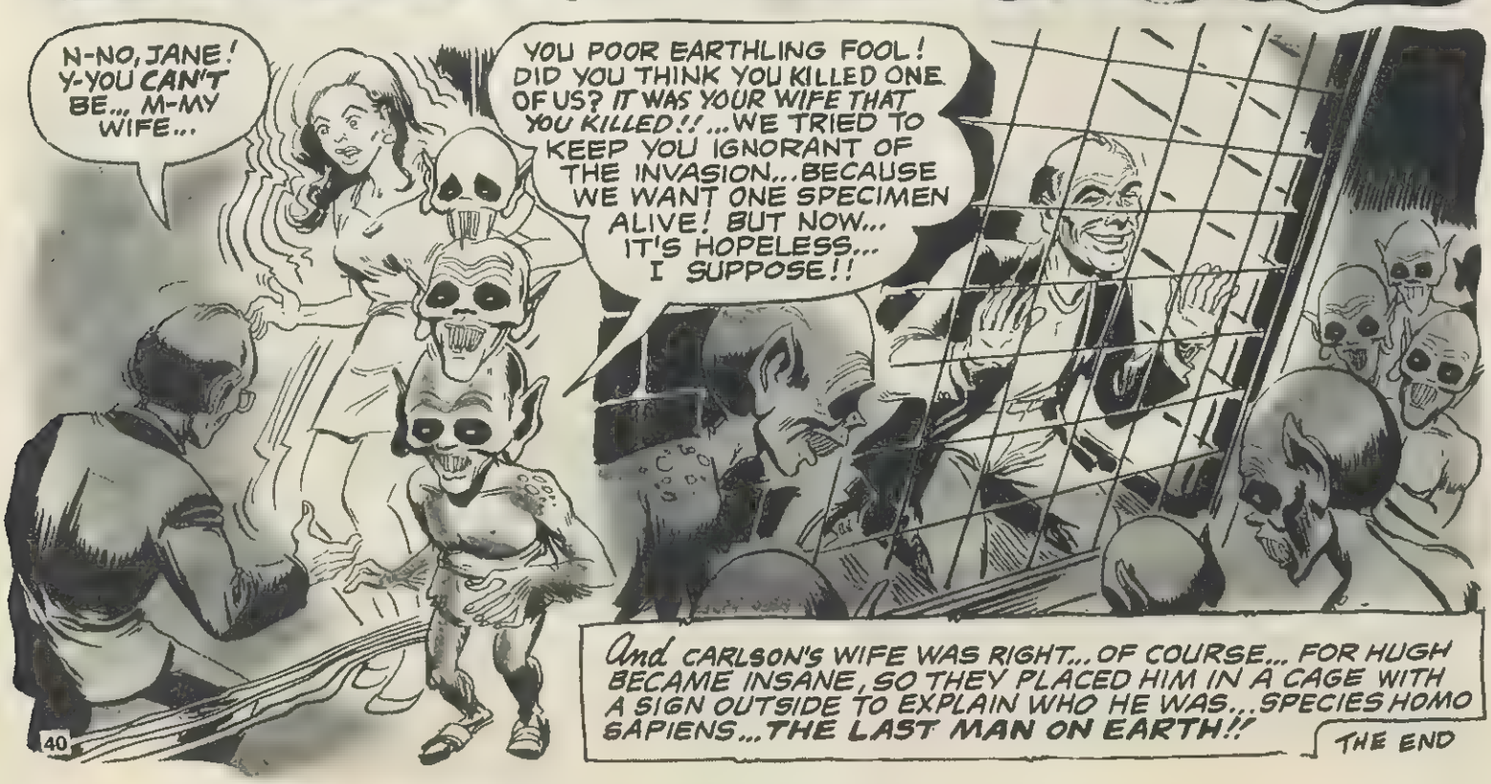


W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING ?? Y-YOU'RE SHEDDING YOUR SKINS!
YES! WE ARE! AREN'T WE!!


YA-AA-AA-AA-A-HH-HA


HUGH CARLSON RAN! SOMEHOW HE FOUND THE STRENGTH TO PULL HIS WIFE AFTER HIM... OUTSIDE, THE HOUSE WAS A SCENE OF HELL!


I-I DON'T KNOW? BUT WE MUST ESCAPE OR BE KILLED! WHY ARE YOU SMILING AT ME THAT WAY?
MAYBE BECAUSE I'M REALLY AMUSED, HUGH! BECAUSE I AM DEAD, YOU HEAR?


N-NO, JANE! Y-YOU CAN'T BE... M-MY WIFE...
YOU POOR EARTHLING FOOL! DID YOU THINK YOU KILLED ONE OF US? IT WAS YOUR WIFE THAT YOU KILLED!! ...WE TRIED TO KEEP YOU IGNORANT OF THE INVASION...BECAUSE WE WANT ONE SPECIMEN ALIVE! BUT NOW... IT'S HOPELESS... I SUPPOSE!!
And CARLSON'S WIFE WAS RIGHT... OF COURSE... FOR HUGH BECAME INSANE, SO THEY PLACED HIM IN A CAGE WITH A SIGN OUTSIDE TO EXPLAIN WHO HE WAS...SPECIES HOMO SAPIENS...THE LAST MAN ON EARTH!!
THE END

SCREAMS in the NIGHT

IT WAS A WEIRD AND EERIE TALE THAT THE LITTLE DOCTOR HAD TO TELL — A SICKENING STORY OF TORTURE AND TORMENT TOLD TO THE SOUND OF HOLLOW LAUGHTER IN THE BACKGROUND! ONLY DEATH COULD BREAK THE SEAL ON THIS MAN'S LIPS, COULD MAKE HIM REVEAL WHAT DREAD KNOWLEDGE HE POSSESSED OF THE UNDYING BEAST...

ONE FOGGY NIGHT IN A SMALL TOWN IN BAVARIA, NOT LONG AGO..

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY POLICE 15th. DIST.

HEY! LOOKS LIKE THAT OLD GENTLEMAN'S IN TROUBLE!

PLEASE! PLEASE, AMERICAN SOLDIER, HELP ME!

I MUST— MUST TALK TO YOUR COMMANDING OFFICER! VERY— IMPORTANT— PLEASE!

OKAY, POP! JUST TAKE IT EASY NOW! YOU CAN SEE COMMANDING OFFICER! SEE A DOCTOR, TOO!

MINUTES LATER IN AN ARMY DISPENSARY...

PLEASE— I MUST TALK! I HAVE NOT LONG — PLEASE, YOU MUST LISTEN!

HE'S RIGHT, MAJOR! MAY GO ANY MOMENT!

I'M THE COMMANDING OFFICER, SIR! WHAT IS IT THAT YOU WANT TO TELL ME?

I — I AM HEINRICH ZELLER! B-BEFORE THE WAR, IN BERLIN, I WAS A WELL-KNOWN PLASTIC SURGEON! B-BUT THE NAZIS DID NOT TRUST ME AND SO I RETIRED AND CAME TO THIS VILLAGE TO LIVE! JUST MYSELF AND MY— MY DAUGHTER. MY ELSA!

CAN YOU TALK A LITTLE LOUDER, SIR?

GOING FAST, MAJOR! BUT I'LL KEEP TRYING!

W-WE WERE HAPPY AT FIRST! FINALLY THE WAR WAS OVER— THEN ONE NIGHT THERE CAME A KNOCKING AT THE DOOR...

THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT THAT KNOCKING THAT CHILLED MY BLOOD! I HAD HEARD IT BEFORE...

FATHER! I — I'M AFRAID!

NONSENSE, LITTLE ELSA! IT'S PROBABLY ONLY ONE OF OUR NEIGHBORS! THE WAR IS OVER! THE NAZIS ARE BEATEN!

KNOCK! KNOCK!

ELSA WAS RIGHT! THEY WORE NO UNIFORMS, BUT I KNEW WHAT THEY WERE...

OHH— THE GESTAPO!

WH-WHY DO YOU BOTHER US?

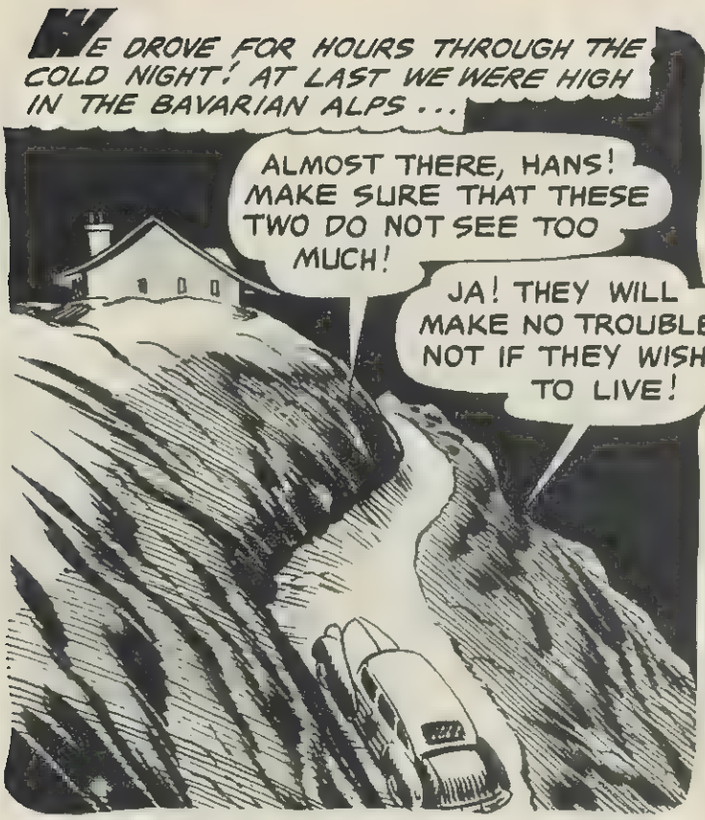
QUIET, YOU OLD FOOL! YOU'RE COMING WITH US!

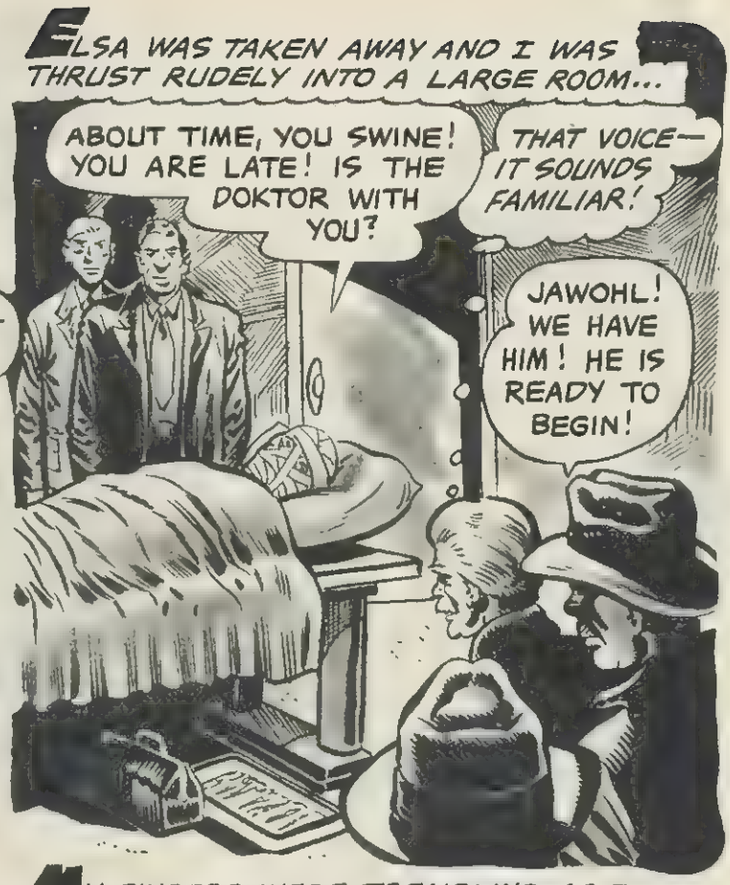
BOTH OF YOU!

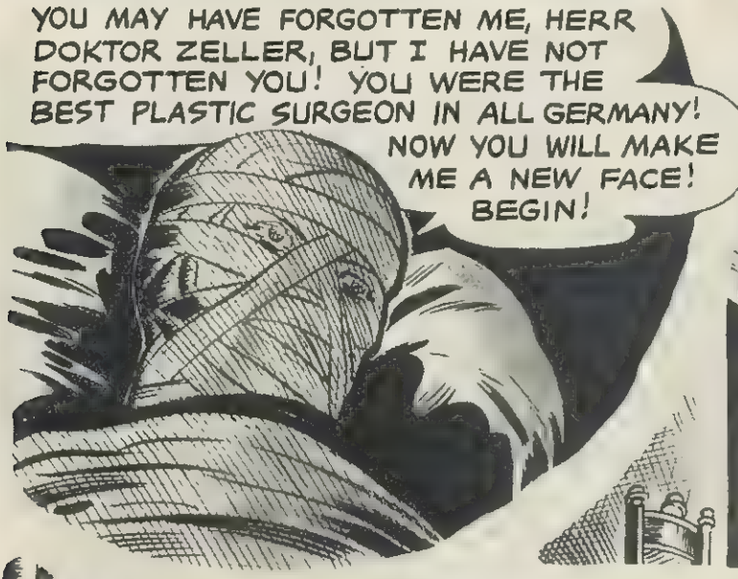
HURRY UP! IN WITH YOU! AND DON'T TRY ANY-THING!

FATHER! THEY'LL KILL US!

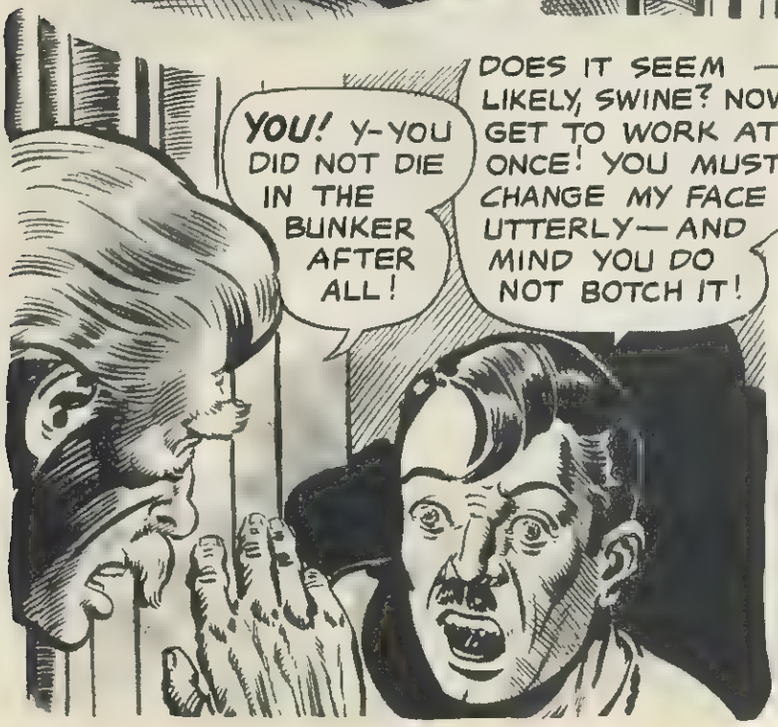
BE BRAVE, ELSA! EVERY-THING WILL BE ALL RIGHT!

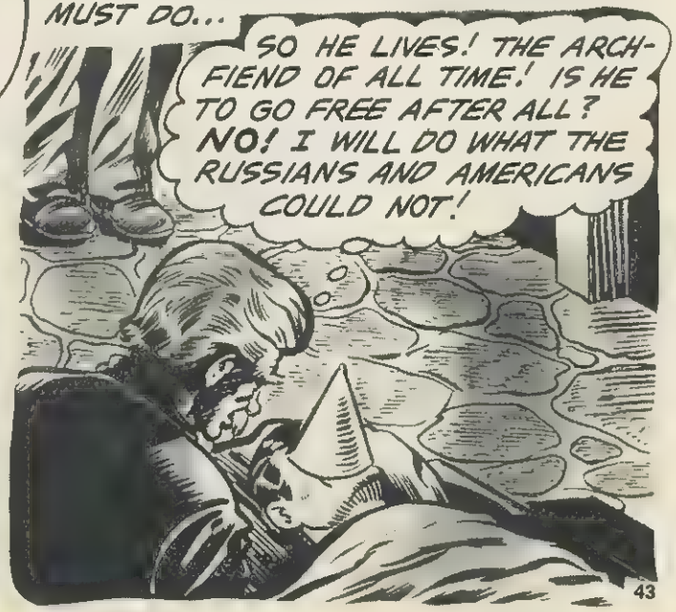

WE DROVE FOR HOURS THROUGH THE COLD NIGHT! AT LAST WE WERE HIGH IN THE BAVARIAN ALPS...
ALMOST THERE, HANS! MAKE SURE THAT THESE TWO DO NOT SEE TOO MUCH!
JA! THEY WILL MAKE NO TROUBLE— NOT IF THEY WISH TO LIVE!

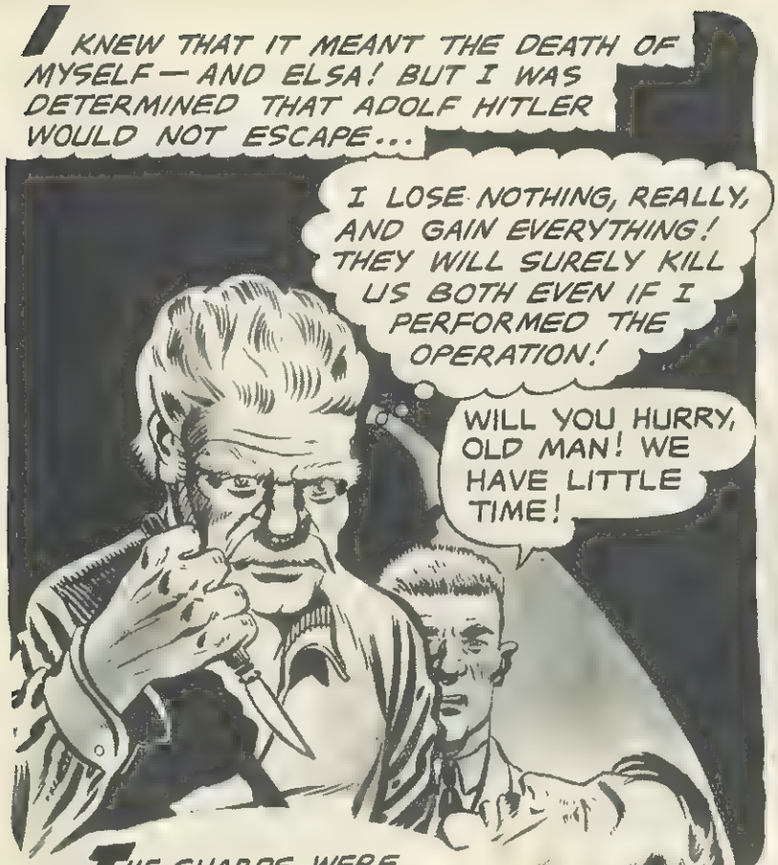

ELSA WAS TAKEN AWAY AND I WAS THRUST RUDELY INTO A LARGE ROOM...
ABOUT TIME, YOU SWINE! YOU ARE LATE! IS THE DOKTOR WITH YOU?
THAT VOICE— IT SOUNDS FAMILIAR!
JAWOHL! WE HAVE HIM! HE IS READY TO BEGIN!


YOU MAY HAVE FORGOTTEN ME, HERR DOKTOR ZELLER, BUT I HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN YOU! YOU WERE THE BEST PLASTIC SURGEON IN ALL GERMANY! NOW YOU WILL MAKE ME A NEW FACE! BEGIN!

MY FINGERS WERE TREMBLING AS I UNWOUND THE BANDAGE! EVEN THEN I KNEW WHAT I WOULD SEE...
HURRY, YOU FOOL, HURRY! I MUST BE ON MY WAY!
YES, SIR! I—I AM SLOW TONIGHT! BUT I WILL HURRY!

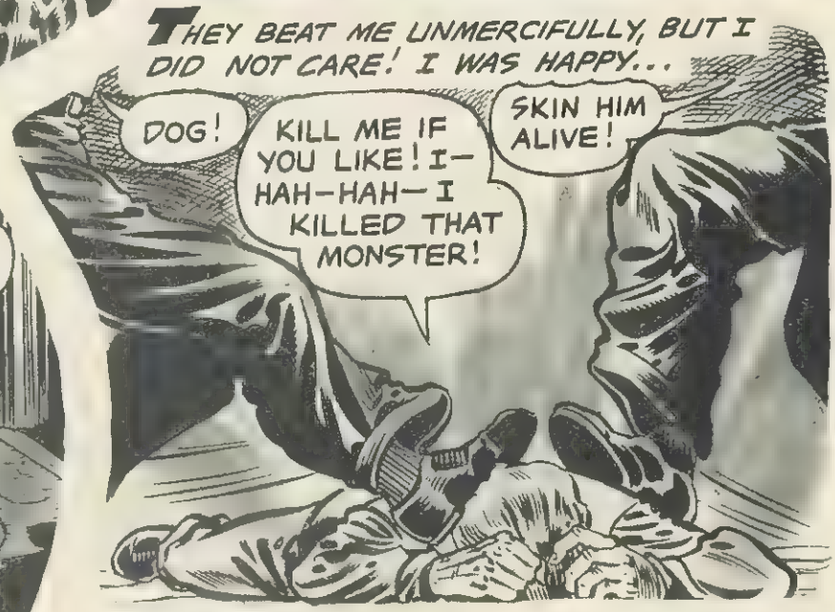

YOU! Y-YOU DID NOT DIE IN THE BUNKER AFTER ALL!
DOES IT SEEM LIKELY, SWINE? NOW GET TO WORK AT ONCE! YOU MUST CHANGE MY FACE UTTERLY—AND MIND YOU DO NOT BOTCH IT!

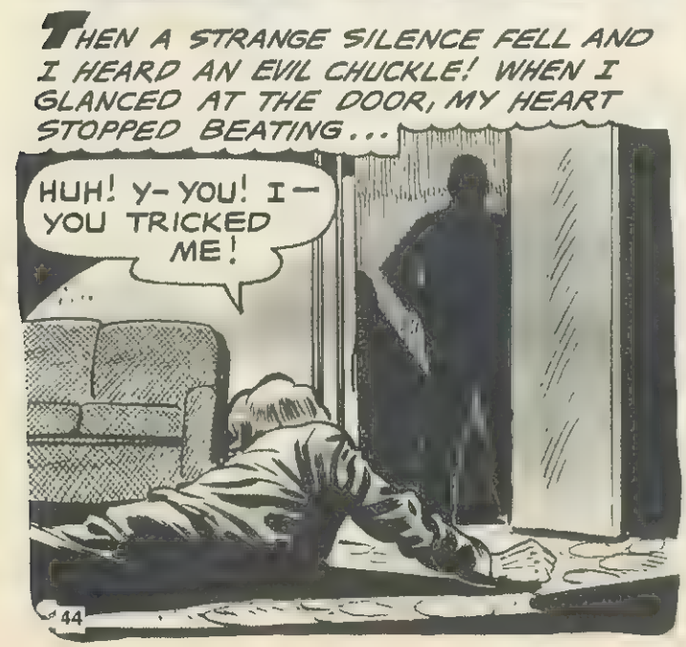

THE TERRIBLE SHOCK SET MY NERVES TO SCREAMING, BUT I KNEW WHAT I MUST DO...
SO HE LIVES! THE ARCH-FIEND OF ALL TIME! IS HE TO GO FREE AFTER ALL? NO! I WILL DO WHAT THE RUSSIANS AND AMERICANS COULD NOT!

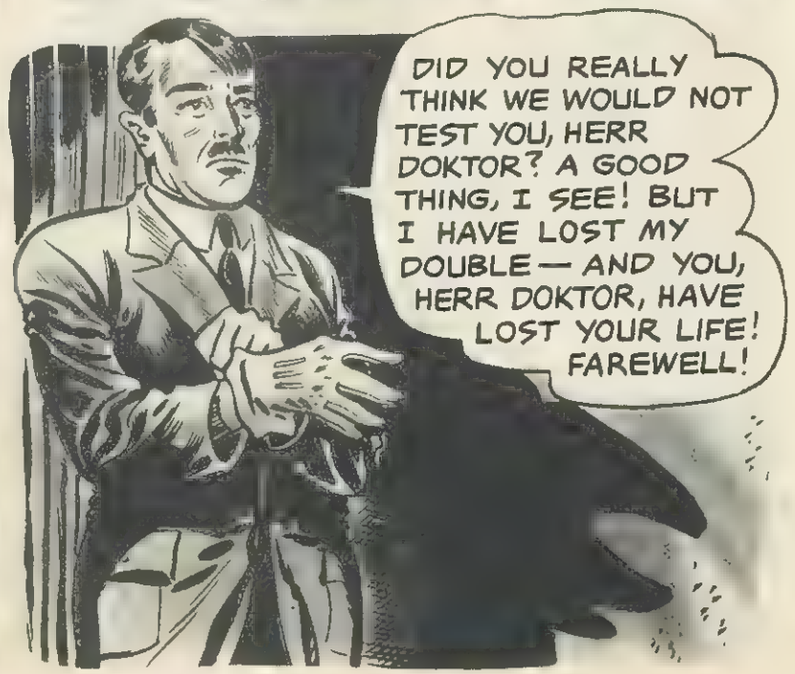

I KNEW THAT IT MEANT THE DEATH OF MYSELF — AND ELSA! BUT I WAS DETERMINED THAT ADOLF HITLER WOULD NOT ESCAPE...
I LOSE NOTHING, REALLY, AND GAIN EVERYTHING! THEY WILL SURELY KILL US BOTH EVEN IF I PERFORMED THE OPERATION!
WILL YOU HURRY, OLD MAN! WE HAVE LITTLE TIME!

YES! DIE, BEAST! MURDERER! I TAKE REVENGE FOR ALL YOU HAVE KILLED AND RUINED!
GET HIM!
UGGGGGGH—

THE GUARDS WERE ON ME LIKE VICIOUS DOGS...
FILTHY SWINE!
YOU'LL DIE FOR THIS!
GAAAAA—
KILL HIM!


THEY BEAT ME UNMERCIFULLY, BUT I DID NOT CARE! I WAS HAPPY...
DOG!
KILL ME IF YOU LIKE! I— HAH—HAH— I KILLED THAT MONSTER!
SKIN HIM ALIVE!


THEN A STRANGE SILENCE FELL AND I HEARD AN EVIL CHUCKLE! WHEN I GLANCED AT THE DOOR, MY HEART STOPPED BEATING...
HUH! Y-YOU! I— YOU TRICKED ME!


DID YOU REALLY THINK WE WOULD NOT TEST YOU, HERR DOKTOR? A GOOD THING, I SEE! BUT I HAVE LOST MY DOUBLE — AND YOU, HERR DOKTOR, HAVE LOST YOUR LIFE! FAREWELL!

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN, OF COURSE! THAT BEAST WAS UNDYING — YET I TRIED...

FOUL SWINE! YOU TRICKED ME, BUT I'LL KILL YOU YET!

GRAB HIM!

LET'S GET IT OVER WITH!

AS THEY DRAGGED ME AWAY, I HEARD MY LITTLE ELSA SCREAMING...

ELSA! MY DAUGHTER! WHAT ARE THEY DOING TO HER?

YOU'LL GET THE SAME!

YOU'LL KNOW SOON ENOUGH, OLD FOOL!

ELSA! MY CHILD— AAAAAA—

SCREAM, OLD MAN! NO ONE CAN HEAR YOU!

IT MAKES ME NERVOUS JUST THE SAME! LET'S GET ON WITH IT!

ELSA! MY—(SOB)— LITTLE ELSA! WHY— WHY DID THEY HAVE TO KILL YOU?

FOR THE SAME REASON WE KILL YOU FOOL!

YOU WILL NEVER TELL ANYONE THAT THE FEUHRER IS STILL ALIVE! NOBODY MUST KNOW!

HURRY— HE FIGHTS LIKE MAD!

JUST A SECOND NOW!

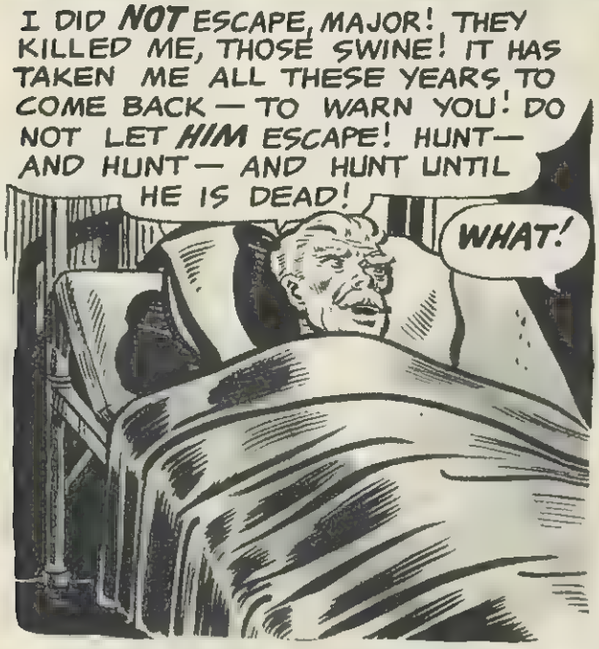
FILTH! KILLERS! SHAME OF GERMANY! YOU CAN KILL ME, BUT YOU WILL NOT ESCAPE! NONE OF YOU WILL EVER ESCAPE!

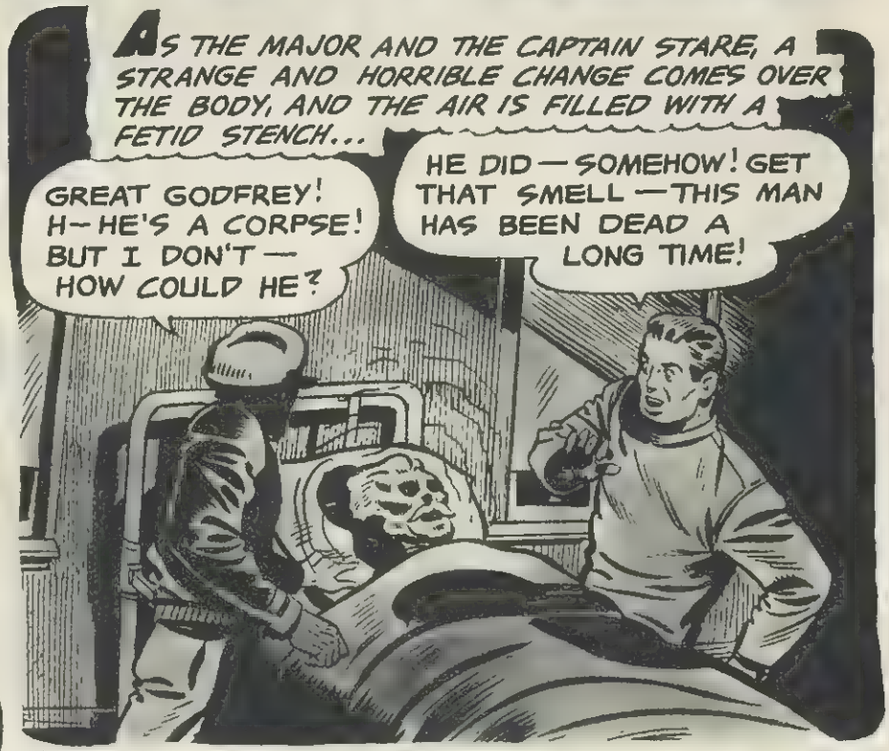
WHEWWW— HEAVY FOR SUCH A LITTLE MAN!

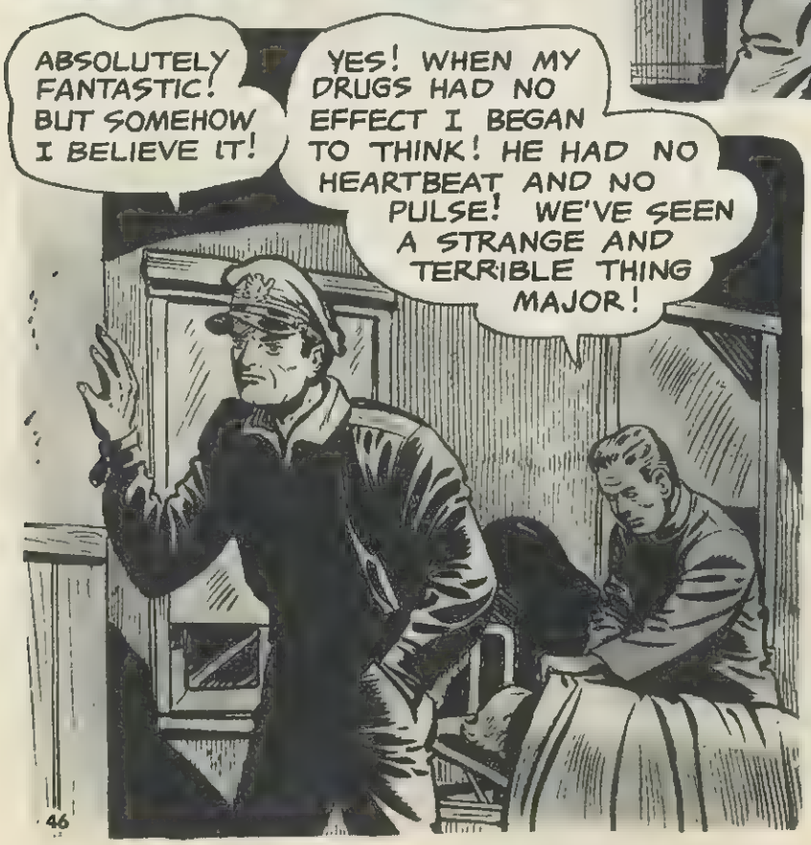
YES! I WILL BE GLAD WHEN SUCH BLOODY WORK IS OVER! STILL HE HAD TO DIE IF THE FEUHRER IS TO BE SAFE!

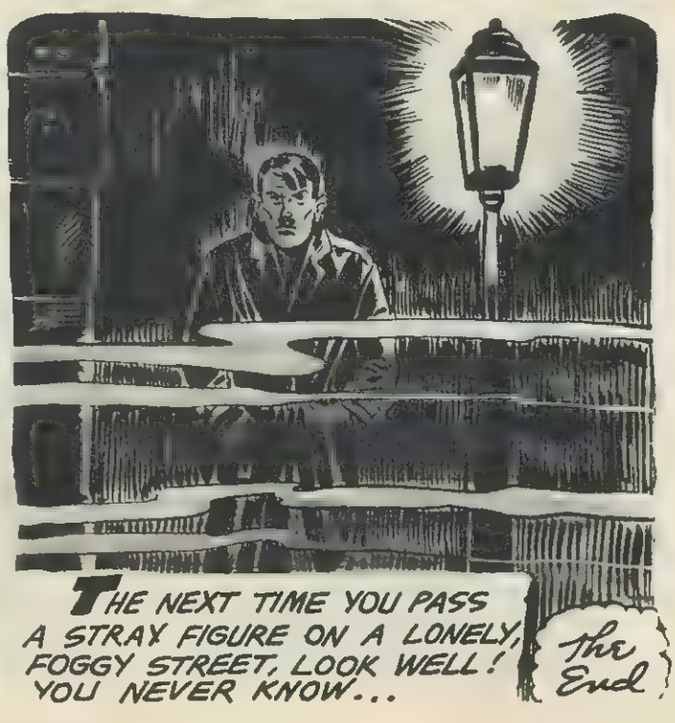
THE OLD MAN FINISHES HIS STRANGE TALE...
SIR? DOCTOR ZELLER, SIR? IS HE GONE, CAPTAIN?
HMMM— I DON'T KNOW! SOMETHING MIGHTY FUNNY ABOUT ALL THIS, MAJOR!

ONLY FUNNY THING I SEE IS HOW HE ESCAPED! THAT I WANT TO KNOW! AND WHY HE WAITED SO LONG TO TELL US THIS! DOCTOR ZELLER? CAN YOU HEAR ME, SIR?


I DID NOT ESCAPE, MAJOR! THEY KILLED ME, THOSE SWINE! IT HAS TAKEN ME ALL THESE YEARS TO COME BACK — TO WARN YOU! DO NOT LET HIM ESCAPE! HUNT— AND HUNT — AND HUNT UNTIL HE IS DEAD!
WHAT!


AS THE MAJOR AND THE CAPTAIN STARE, A STRANGE AND HORRIBLE CHANGE COMES OVER THE BODY, AND THE AIR IS FILLED WITH A FETID STENCH...
GREAT GODFREY! H—HE'S A CORPSE! BUT I DON'T — HOW COULD HE?
HE DID — SOMEHOW! GET THAT SMELL — THIS MAN HAS BEEN DEAD A LONG TIME!


ABSOLUTELY FANTASTIC! BUT SOMEHOW I BELIEVE IT!
YES! WHEN MY DRUGS HAD NO EFFECT I BEGAN TO THINK! HE HAD NO HEARTBEAT AND NO PULSE! WE'VE SEEN A STRANGE AND TERRIBLE THING MAJOR!


THE NEXT TIME YOU PASS A STRAY FIGURE ON A LONELY, FOGGY STREET, LOOK WELL! YOU NEVER KNOW...
The End

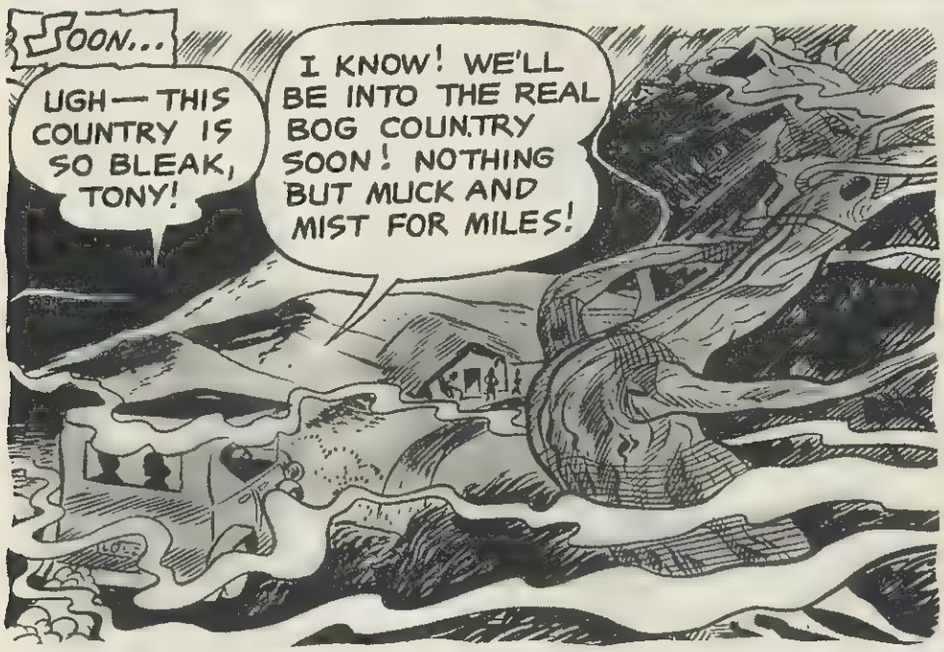
BENEATH THE DANK AND STEAMING IRISH BOGS LAY **VENGEANCE** — PATIENT AND HORRIBLE! WAITING FOR THE MOMENT TO CRAWL OUT OF THE SLIME AND STRIKE...

the SLIME creatures

IT IS 1921 AND IRELAND SEETHES WITH REBELLION! CAPTAIN ANTHONY DENTER ARRIVES IN DUBLIN WITH HIS BRIDE...

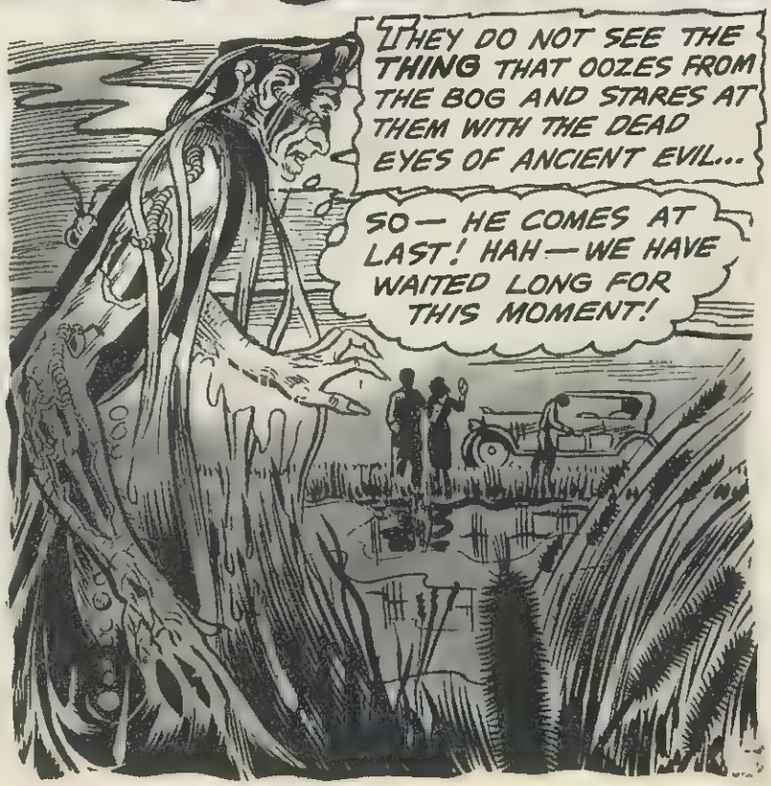
LATER...
YOU'RE ASSIGNED TO THE DUNDALLY AREA, CAPTAIN! BOG COUNTRY, YOU KNOW!
DUNDALLY, SIR! OF ALL THE ROTTEN LUCK!

YES, I UNDERSTAND! YOUR GREAT GRANDFATHER, COLONEL DENTER, ONCE COMMANDED THAT AREA! BUT THAT'S BEEN A LONG TIME AGO, CAPTAIN! PEOPLE HAVE FORGOTTEN!
I HOPE SO, SIR!


SOON...
UGH — THIS COUNTRY IS SO BLEAK, TONY!
I KNOW! WE'LL BE INTO THE REAL BOG COUNTRY SOON! NOTHING BUT MUCK AND MIST FOR MILES!

SUDDENLY...
HUH! BROKE AN AXLE, BLAST IT!

NOTHING I CAN DO, SIR! SHE'S SMASHED PROPER!
TONY! WHAT CAN WE DO?
CONFOUND THE LUCK! LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO WALK AND FIND HELP!


THEY DO NOT SEE THE THING THAT OOZES FROM THE BOG AND STARES AT THEM WITH THE DEAD EYES OF ANCIENT EVIL...
SO — HE COMES AT LAST! HAH — WE HAVE WAITED LONG FOR THIS MOMENT!

UNAWARE THAT THEY ARE BEING WATCHED, THE CAPTAIN AND PAMELA HURRY ACROSS THE DARKENING BOGS...

BRRRR—I DON'T LIKE THIS PLACE! IT'S S-SCAREY!

LOOKS LIKE RAIN, TOO. MAYBE WE CAN FIND SHELTER IN THAT OLD RUIN! SYKES WILL BRING THE LUGGAGE ALONG SOON!

BUT SUDDENLY...

OHH— TONY! LOOK—

WHO ARE YOU, OLD WOMAN? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

HEH-HEH— WELCOME, SIR!

WELCOME INDEED, CAPTAIN DENTER! YOU'VE COME AT LAST! THE BOG PEOPLE HAVE WAITED A LONG TIME—*HEH-HEH-HEH!*

BOG PEOPLE! WAITING FOR YOU, TONY! WHAT DID SHE MEAN?

SHE'S JUST A CRAZY OLD WOMAN, DARLING! BUT I SUPPOSE I MAY AS WELL TELL YOU!

MY ANCESTOR, COLONEL ANTHONY DENTER, ONCE COMMANDED IN THIS DISTRICT! HE ORDERED THE PEASANTS MASSACRED IN A FIT OF RAGE! THEIR BODIES WERE THROWN INTO THE BOGS! I—I DIDN'T WANT THIS ASSIGNMENT, BUT—

YOUR NAME— THE SAME AS HIS! AND A M-MASSACRE!

MEANTIME, NOT FAR AWAY...

UGH—A FINE BLOODY PLACE TO BREAK DOWN, THIS IS! GIVES ME THE BLOOMING CREEPS! HUH—THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING!

CONTINUED ON BACK COVER

IMPORTED

LOCK BLADE STILETTO

9" Overall Length
5" When Closed

- Opens instantly
- Sharp and Tough
- Stainless Steel Blade

Flips open instantly and locks automatically to prevent accidental closing. Razor sharp tough stainless steel blade for reliable use and hard, long service. Money back in 5 days if not satisfied. Send $2.75 plus 25¢ to cover postage and handling

ONLY $2.75

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Dept. 472ST87
35 Wilbur Street, Lynbrook, N. Y. 11563

"POWER AUTOMATIC" Pellet Firing Target Pistol

and SILENCER

FREE 50 Reusable 22 Cal. Pellets only $1.25

Rapid firing 22 cal. fully 9 inches long with the look and feel of an "undercover" automatic. Snap the "silencer" on or remove it for fast combat-type target practice. FREE 50 reusable 22 cal. pellets and supply of targets. Money back guarantee if not satisfied. Just send $1.25 plus 35c for postage and handling.

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Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563
Not sold in NYC

SKIN HEAD WIG

Most people try to grow hair. This is just the opposite. Made of flesh toned latex to fit all heads, really changes your appearance. Just send $1.00 plus 15¢ for postage and handling.
HONOR HOUSE DEPT. 472SW87 LYNBROOK, N.Y. 11563

JACK POT BANK

ONLY $1.69

Fun Bank For The Family

Make saving fun with this coin operated Jack Pot Bank. It works just like a one armed bandit in Las Vegas. Deposit the coin, pull the handle, and watch the reels spin like the real thing. Fun for all and you can't lose because the coins are returnable. Not to be used for gambling purposes. Just enclose $1.69 plus 26c for postage and handling. If not thoroughly satisfied, return in ten days for refund of full purchase price.

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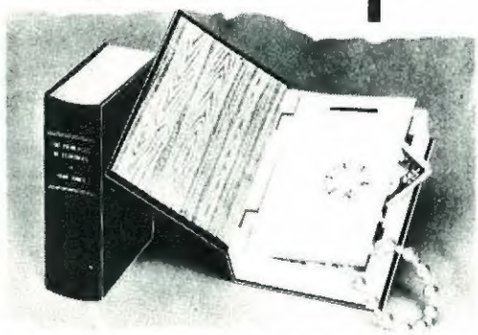
SECRET BOOK SAFE

With Combination Lock Only You Can Open ONLY $1.00



The Secret Book Safe looks just like any book so no one would think to look for valuables in it. But even chance discovery leaves your possessions safe — securely locked by a combination only YOU know — because YOU yourself have set it. Simple instructions show you how. Tough under structure is covered with simulated leather binding to look just like a real book. Just send $1.00 plus 35c postage and handling for each book safe you want. Money back if you are not satisfied.
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8 MM MOTION PICTURE PROJECTOR

Color or Black & White

ONLY $6.98 Complete

***FREE:* NEW THRILLING SENSATION**

Add 3-D Stereo effect with "Miracle Specs" which makes people look so full and real you can reach out and touch them. One pair comes with each projector. Additional pairs are $2.98 each.

FEATURES:

- Sturdy Construction
- Complete with Screen
- Projects color or black and white
- Speed Control for fast or slow motion
- Guaranteed

HAVE ALL THE FUN OF PRIVATE MOVIES NOW AT THIS LOW PRICE

Precision engineered and compact. Completely portable in its own case. Needs no electric outlet since it is battery operated. So simple and safe to use even a child can operate it. Its double lens focusing is sure and easy for bright, clear pictures.

10 DAY FREE TRIAL—Money back guarantee on 10 day free trial. Don't delay—send $6.98 plus 75c for postage and handling or send $1.00 good will deposit and pay postman balance on delivery plus C.O.D. and postage charges. Add $2.98 for each pair of additional "Miracle Specs."

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22 CAL. PELLET FIRING "STINGER AUTOMATIC"

50 22 CAL. PELLETS FREE
Looks and Feels Like Real Pocket Automatic — Loads 15 Shots

Fires 22 cal. pellets just as fast as you can pull the trigger. Great for fast action combat-type target practice. 50 re-usable 22 cal. pellets free. Free supply of targets. Money back if not satisfied. Just send $1.00 plus 25c for postage and handling to Honor House Dept. 472RA87
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MONSTER

7 FEET TALL / IN AUTHENTIC COLORS

GLOW in the DARK EYES

ONLY $1.00

Imagine your friends shock when they see the "MONSTER" reaching out —sinister as the wildest nightmare. Bigger than life—Frankenstein—the man-made monster that terrorized the world. 7 feet tall, with eyes that glow eerily in the dark for a special thrilling chill. So lifelike in authentic colors, that you'll probably find yourself talking to him. Won't you be surprised if he answers!

There is also his perfect companion—**BONEY the SKELETON**—stark and scary—just a wonderful pair to set your hair on end.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
Just send $1.00 plus 35c to cover postage and handling for each monster you want. ORDER TWO AND SAVE. (The same 35c for postage and handling applies to orders for TWO MONSTERS—a total of 2 for $2.35.) Your money back if not satisfactorily horrified.

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"STINGER AUTOMATIC" 50-22 Cal. Pellets Free.

Looks and Feels Like Full Size "James Bond" style German Automatic **5½ inches long — 4½ inches high.** Fires 22 cal. pellets just as fast as you can pull the trigger with realistic moving slide action. Great for fast action combat—type target practice. 50 reusable 22 cal. pellets free. Free supply of targets. Money back if not satisfied. Just send $1.25 plus 25c Not sold in NY City.

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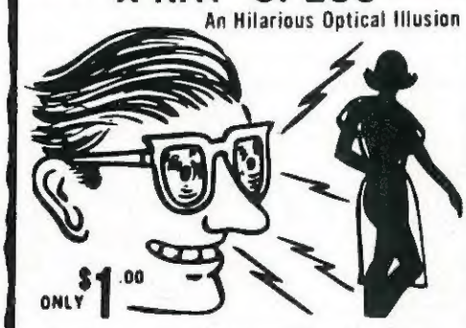
X-RAY SPECS

An Hilarious Optical Illusion



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SOON...
N-NOTHING THERE! JUST THAT STRANGE LIGHT!
BUT WE'VE LOST THOSE—THOSE THINGS!
TONY! THAT LIGHT—ALMOST AS THOUGH IT WERE GUIDING US TO THAT STONE COLUMN!
SOMETHING ENGRAVED ON IT!
THE VERY P-PLACE!
VENGEANCE! THE DAY OF VENGEANCE! AND MY NAME IS ANTHONY DENTER, TOO!
On this spot were massacred the poor peasants of Dundally long ago! Their bodies have rotted in the bog—but on the day of vengeance they will arise...
AND OUT OF THE DANK MISTS COME THE BOG CREATURES, HORRIBLE AND FETID, REACHING OUT OVER THE YEARS FOR THEIR REVENGE...
NOOOO—
THEIR BODIES! THEY'RE ALIVE!
AHHHHHH—
HEH-HEH—VENGEANCE—VENGEANCE!
AND VENGEANCE WAS THEIRS!
The End